C-221-5.6

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 2.0507

VOLUME XLI. No. 40 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 5, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Migration of Birds.

The distances birds travel are enormous. Many of our summer migrants journey to the African lakes. How they manage to cross the wide stretches of water and come back year by year to the same hedgerow, man has not been able to find out.

The swallow knows not the existence of frost nor the extreme of heat, passing from Europe to Africa as soon as the cold weather begins to draw in, and migrating again to the colder climes as soon as the temperature of its second home becomes inconvenient to its comfort.

The time of its arrival in England is various, and depends almost entirely on the state of the weather. Solitary individuals are now and then seen in very early months, but as a rule the swallow does not arrive until the second week in April; the time of its departure is generally about the middle of September, although some few lingerers remain in the country for more than a month after the departure of their fellows.

Before the time of migration they may be seen assembled in great numbers, chattering noisily, and appearing to be holding a great parliament for the settlement of affairs before starting on their long journey. The dome of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford is a favorite assembling place of these birds, all the lines of its architecture being studded with swallows, whose white breasts look like pearl beads strung upon the dark surface of the leaden dome.

Although such powerful and swift fliers, they become fatigued in crossing the sea, and will flock in great numbers to rest upon the rigging of some ship that may happen to pass their course. It is rather curious that the birds almost invariably fly in a line directly north and south, influenced, doubtless, by the magnetic current that ever flows in that direction.

Sometimes the poor birds are so utterly worn out with fatigue that when they have perched upon the rigging or sides of a ship they are unable to take wing again, and if disturbed can hardly fly from one end of the ship to the other. They have even been seen to settle upon the surface of the waves, and to lie with outspread wings until rested sufficiently to resume their journey.

Guided by some wondrous instinct, the swallow always finds its way back to the nest which it had made the previous season, or in which it had been reared, as has frequently been proved by affixing certain marks to individual birds, and watching for their return. Sometimes it happens that the house on which they had built has been taken down during their absence, and in that case the distress of the poor birds is quite pitiable. They fly to and fro over the spot in vain search after their lost homes, and fill the air with mournful cries that tell of their sorrow.

BIRDS RESTING ON THE RIGGING OF A SHIP.

The loud cries of some birds, particularly of many of the migratory water birds which fly by night, are probably intended for the purpose of keeping in company. In the silence of the night a flight of wild geese may be heard cackling high in the air.

How marvellous is the instinct which has been implanted in defenceless birds to make their migration by night! It affords a remarkable proof of the care of the Creator. If such birds as the quail, the woodcock, the snipe, the nightingale, and the swallow performed their aerial voyages in the day-time, they would be harassed by birds of prey, as well as by man; but shaded by the friendly veil of night, they pass on safely, proclaiming to each other by friendly calls the route to be kept.—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Word With Young People.

Gaining discipline for eternity is the work of a whole life time, and those who begin young are most likely to complete their task perfectly.

If a man thinks he can devote the greater part of his earthly life to the service of self and sin, and then in the little time that remains to him accomplish a perfect redemption of his life and character from the moral effects of his own waywardness, he will be grievously mistaken.

We do not say that salvation is impossible at an advanced age, but we do say that it is not only improbable, but even in case of it the soul will bear to all eternity the scars of its own wicked career.

Nearness to the throne in heaven is for those who gain the most complete preparation for it. Other things being equal, they gain the most complete preparation for eternal joys who devote all their lifetime to the work; who begin in early life before evil practices have injured the soul, before evil habits are formed which mar the symmetry of character and give existence a downward bent.

Religion never appears to a better advantage than in the persons of those who remember the Creator in the days of their youth, and are early admitted into the number of the disciples of the holy Jesus. It is then like a diamond set in gold.

As Bishop Horne says: 'There is something more noble in renouncing the world for the love of Christ when the relish for sensible enjoyments is at the highest, than there can be in doing it when the evil days come, in which there is no further pleasure or satisfaction to be had in earthly things. He surely is not so likely to accomplish his journey who begins it when the sun is going down, as he is who sets out at the hour of its rising. Youth, like the morning, is the proper season for every task that requires time and pains. Then all the powers of body and soul are fresh and vigorous as those of one awakened from a sound and kindly sleep. Then is the golden opportunity, the sweet hour of prime, when the day is before us.'

The night cometh when no man can work. That night may be nearer many young people who read these lines than they have been wont to think. No person, however young or strong or healthy, has unfailing assurance of long-continued life. And were it so, how much better to devote that life faithfully to the service of God.

In the next world, how sweet the reflection will be that we devoted all our time and

talents to the work which God gave us to do!

'I have written unto you, young men, says the earnest John, the youngest and most loved of all the apostles, 'because ye are strong; and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.' Happy the youth who has learned the secret of mastery over sinful passions and Satanic devices! There is no other conquest so glorious as this. There is no secret so precious as that which is lodged with young people who fear the Lord.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Good Things in the Church.

The choir that sings from the heart.

The folks that are sunny and sweet.

The 'shut-in' saint who prays at home.

The minute-men who will fill awkward gaps.

The sexton who watches the thermometer.

The brother who crucifies self-importance.

The usher who makes politeness a fine art.

The parent who believes in the conversion of his children.

The young people who gladly help in house-to-house visitation.

The young man who pleads with his impenitent chums.

The treasurer who keeps plenty of meal in the parsonage flour barrel.

The brother who is willing to do small jobs out of the view of the crowd.

The Sabbath-school superintendent who longs for the salvation of his pupils.—'Presbyterian.'

Fit for the Burning.

'Where do you get all this rubbish from?' I asked John, the gardener, one fine autumn day, as I came upon him and the yard boy piling together materials for a big bonfire in the shrubbery.

'It's mostly trimmings and prunings from the beech walk, ma'am,' he answered; 'Jerry and I spend all our spare time cutting away the dead twigs. They baint no manner of good, and only choke the young growth. 'Sides that, your fruit trees take a lot o' the knife to keep 'em bearing properly. Them prickly things Jerry is pilin' on now are gooseberry cuttings. All just fit for the burning only.'

A few weeks after this I was watching a housemaid in our Swiss hotel, feeding a big white furnace with curiously distorted bits of wood.

'What are those?' I asked curiously, for I had never seen such twisted, knotty firing before.

'Oh, madame! they are vine roots,' was her answer. 'The landlord is also a vineyard proprietor, and there are always heaps of these dead roots for kindling. If they were left in the ground they would bear no fruit, besides stopping the young shoots from bearing. They are only fit for the burning.'

Still later on I saw the truth of these words. Standing in a vineyard on the hills of Vaud I watched a vine-dresser at work. First he untied the stems from their props. Then taking away the rich manure from each root, he examined the latter carefuuly.

Sometimes—whenever he saw a tiny green bud anywhere—he replaced the warm covering, and retied the vines to their poles; at others, he merely made a deep lunge forward with his sharp pruning knife, drew out a decayed, sodden root, and flung it on a pile some distance off.'

'Fit for the burning' only, were those heaps of dead wood, and they were afterwards stacked together and carted away for winter use.

In the Holy Scriptures we read of other things fit for the burning—things which we, as Christians, ought never to tolerate in our lives. Yet even if a man's work be burned, he may be saved himself (I. Cor. iii., 15.)

But there is another kind of burning even more terrible than this. Our merciful, loving Lord speaks of it in the 15th chapter of St. John's gospel:

'If a man abide not in Me he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.'

Will you not make sure that you are united to Christ by a living faith? It is such an important matter—the most important in the world. And following it closely is that other one of building properly on the true foundation laid.—L. C. Cooper, in 'Our Own Magazine.'

Button-holers Wanted.

'I remember seeing an advertisement in a newspaper asking for button-holers,' says Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, 'I thought of applying, only I found it was something requiring skill with the needle. But the Church is in need of button-holers who will talk directly, but with tact, and individually to men on the most important thing concerning salvation.

'Some are just waiting and longing to be spoken to. I remember in one society it was the rule for all visitors to remove their hats, and a notice was placed in a prominent position to that effect. One young man, however, day by day and for many weeks took no notice of the rule, and kept his hat on. At last one of the members or officials spoke to him about it, drawing his attention to the notice.

'"Well," said he, "I have been coming here so many weeks and wondering whether anyone would ever speak to me about it." So it is with many who come to a place of worship; they are just wondering and waiting for personal dealing—button-holing.'—'Sunday Companion.'

He Put It Off.

'When Dwight L. Moody was a poor boy, working on a farm to help support his mother, he was working with his employer in a field, when suddenly his employer stopped hoeing the corn and commenced hammering a stone with his hoe. Tears were in his eyes as he said, "Dwight, when I was a boy like you, I went away to make my living. The last thing my mother said to me was, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' I went away, not thinking much about it, sought work in the first town I came to. I went to church the first Sunday I was there, and the preacher, looking directly at me, gave out his text, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' I was deeply impressed, and almost accepted Christ; but I said, 'No, I will get fixed in business first, and then get converted.' I did not get work there, so I went on to another town. I attended church there, and again the minister announced the text, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' The words went straight to my heart. I walked out of the church into the cemetery, sat down on a tombstone, and had an awful fight, the Spirit of God striving mightily with me; but finally I said, 'No, I will not accept Christ till I get settled in business. And, Dwight, from that day to this the Spirit of God has never touched my heart.' At that time the lad did not understand it, but he did his best to comfort his master. Soon after Moody went elsewhere to earn his living, and by and by learned that his former employer had been taken to a lunatic asylum, where he greeted every person who came in his way with the cry, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' His memory had made him a maniac! Hell is the madhouse of the universe, where people remember!

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

JACK-KNIFE FREE.

A regular man's jack-knife—something any boy will be proud of—secured by selling only one dozen copies of 'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten Cents a copy, with a 10 cent coupon in each. Send us a postcard for the 12 copies. When sold remit $1.20 and get knife by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial',
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we, of course, mail premium by return mail, as well as the papers.

The Fund for Labrador.

We have received for Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador several belated sums that have arrived since the fund closed in June, and remained unacknowledged through the 'Northern Messenger.' As, however, it is possible that some of the senders have missed all acknowledgments of their gifts, these are given below:—Hugh McDonald Holiday, Embro, Ont., $5.00; R. A. Lyster, Frank, Alta, (Cot Fund), $10.00; G. R. Palmer, Fairfield Farm, $3.00; Cartierville Boating Club Sunday services for 1905, $17.40; Eldred F. Russell (Cot Fund). 23c.; Ruby Russell (Cot Fund), 25c.; Cecil Russell, (Cot Fund), 25c.; Frank Russell, (Cot Fund), 25c.; Hopewell. N.S., $5.00; Mrs. H. R. H., Oakville, Ont., $2.00; Mrs. Christina Ingram, Brockton, $2.00; Geo. A. J. McDougall, Fairy Hill, Sask., 10c.; Mrs. McFarlane, Chatham, Ont. ,(Cot Fund), 25c.; Mrs. H. Turnbull, Hamilton, Ont., (Cot Fund), $2.00; Mrs. E. W. Hammond, Fairbury, Nebr., $1.00; Mrs. A. Johnston, Swan Lake, Man., $1.00; Christine Cameron, Grenfell, Sask., $10.00; Drusilla Simon, Rosebridge, P.Q., (Cot Fund), $3.00; Mrs. Nicholas Guignion, Rosebridge, (Cot Fund), $2.00; Mrs. Geo. Le Touzel, Rosebridge, (Cot Fund), $1.00; Mrs. Julia Guignion, Rosebridge, (Cot Fund), $2.00; Total, $67.75.

Miss S. Macfarlane will be glad to acknowledge all further subscriptions to this work. These should be sent to her address, 753 Sherbrooke street, Montreal.

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

THE COST
will be $1,000 Per Issue

The cost of the Canadian Pictorial will aggregate about a thousand dollars for the first issue and will increase as the publication grows in size and circulation. Pictures cost a great deal, and the class of pictures that are to be given cost more than the illustrations in ordinary illustrated publications. Close touch is to be maintained with the leading photographers all over the world, and frequently several dollars will be paid for a single photograph, while a good many more dollars are required by the various processes of reproduction, all involving expert workmanship and first-class material.

THE CONTENTS
1,000 Square Inches of Pictures.

It is determined to outdo every illustrated publication of which the publishers have any knowledge, and the illustrations of the first issue will occupy over a thousand inches of space. Dealing with all kinds of subjects, they will offer a volume and variety of interest hitherto unparalleled in journalism. Besides the pictures there will be fashion hints and other features of interest—not excepting the high-class illustrated advertising, which will be of great value to our subscribers, and which will assist in making the subscription much below the actual cost—a great advantage to subscribers.

THE QUALITY
Best of everything.

Fine, heavy enamelled cream paper will be used throughout. New types, the best of presses and expert workmanship, will ensure the best of results.

THE NEWS COMPANIES
Delighted with new publication.

The news companies and dealers and agents who have looked into the publication, predict for it a very large and popular sale on the news stands. Indeed, so great is the demand that the first issue will likely exceed 14,000 copies.

FOREIGN POSTAGE
INCLUDED.

The dollar rate includes postage all over the world, and many will order it sent to friends at home and abroad instead of sending other Christmas or New Year's presents.

See the more general announcement elsewhere.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Kind Words.

Kind words are like the morning sun, that
gilds the opening flower;
Kind words are like the blessings spread
by every summer shower;
They light the heart with sunny beams—
they shed a gladsome ray,
And cheer the weary traveller as he wanders on his way.

If you have nought to give the poor when
winter's snow-clouds loom,
Oh! ne'er forget that one sweet smile may
chase away their gloom!
Remember, too, that one kind word may
blunt affliction's dart,
And softly fall, like healing balm, upon the
wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words—no tales
of dismal strife—
But only kind things whisper as you tread
this vale of life.
Then try, by every word and glance, the
suff'ring to beguile,
And watch them, when you speak kind
words, how happily they smile!

—Selected.

'The Happiest Day.'

As a long-drawn sigh escaped her young guest, Mrs. Grant said:

'A penny for your thoughts, Harry.'

Harry shifted about uncomfortably an instant, then, unable to resist the pleading look of his auntie, he said:

'Well, I'll own right up. I was thinking how much nicer it would be if the Sundays were left out of the week; they seem to spoil everything so.'

'Spoil everything! Why, Harry, I think it is the best day of all the week,' said Mrs. Grant, trying not to look shocked at the words of her boy friend.

'Oh, well, that's because you're grown-up, I suppose. But I almost hate Sunday; it puts a stop to all my nice times.'

After some thoughts Mrs. Grant excused herself and went to the garden, where she picked seven of the most beautiful Crawford peaches she could find. Putting them on a fruit plate she garnished them with their own glossy leaves, making the whole as attractive as possible.

Harry's eyes danced with delight as she entered the room holding them in her hand, saying:

'Now, Harry, these are for you; but please don't eat them just yet.'

So Harry took the plate in his hand, and, feasting his eyes on the treat in store, listened as patiently as any boy could under the circumstances. Mrs. Grant began by saying:

'Now, Harry, I have selected for you seven of my finest peaches; they are all yours. You can, if you choose, eat all of them; but, if, after you have eaten six, you will carry the seventh to the poor sick boy at the foot of the hill, and give it to him, it will make me very happy.'

'Why, Auntie Grant,' said Harry, 'what sort of a boy do you take me for? Of course I will take it to Dick—the very nicest one, too.'

'Well, let us imagine that after you have eaten six peaches you say, "Oh, dear! I suppose I must give the last peach to Dick, but I hate to.'

'I won't even imagine such a thing!' interrupted Harry, with a very red face. 'It isn't in me to be so mean.'

Mrs. Grant made answer by taking the plate of peaches into her own hand and saying, impressively:

'Here are seven peaches. They remind me of a boy who had seven beautiful gifts. The Giver said in giving them, "They are yours; but if you love me you will do me honor by setting one apart as sacred to my memory." Did the boy regard the wishes of the Giver as sacred and gladly obey them?'

'It would be a mean sort of a boy that wouldn't do that much for such a generous friend,' ventures Harry, as the speaker paused thoughtfully.

'It would seem so,' said Mrs. Grant. Then, taking up one of the peaches she continued, 'We will, for the sake of illustration, call this Monday; that's the day he played ball, and came off victorious. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday he camped out, and "fun" marked every one of them. Friday, picnic day, not half long enough. Saturday, kite-flying and a full tide of enjoyment.'

Mrs. Grant had pointed to one peach after another in naming them, but had avoided looking at Harry. Had she done so she would have seen that the lesson was striking home, for the boy's face was growing crimson.

At last only one peach remained unnamed. Taking it up, she drew a heavy sigh and allowed her kind face to be marred by something seldom seen on it—a scowl; then imitating as best she could the surly tone heard not long before, she said.

'You are Sunday, and I almost hate you because you spoil all my nice times!'

There was an instant's silence, then Harry, in a repentant tone, said:

'Oh, Auntie Grant, I see it! I have often made my boast that with all my faults I was at least generous; but now I see how easy it is to be selfish and not know it.

'I am glad to see my peach lesson has made you see yourself,' said Mrs. Grant, looking pleased.

'It has, for a fact. Six days for fun ought to satisfy any boy, and I dont think anyone will ever again hear me say I hate Sunday.—'Ram's Horn.'

An African Wash.

(Virginia Swormstedt, in the 'Christian Advocate.')

'What fools ye mortals be.' Shakespeare probably did not refer to civilized peoples and their mode of washing when he said this, but he is literally true nevertheless.

Poor civilized people! They must have tubs, wringers, wash-boards, boilers, clothes lines, pins, and washing machines, all of which are totally unnecessary except to give the various manufacturers a livelihood.

'Rugged all-nourishing earth' has provided man with all the essentials, and from my way of thinking the luxuries of washing and the poor unclad ignorant heathen African knows better how to wash to save the clothes and himself than the age-enlightened washwoman of civilized lands.

It is wash day and the missionary finds herself in need of a litle fresh air medicine and recreation, starts out before six a.m. with three of her girls, to act as chaperone and watch the washing, a new sight to her.

The clothes are carried in a large five gallon bucket which rests on the top of the girl's head with perfect ease and stability, while she goes dancing and singing merrily through a freshly ploughed field which often causes the missionary to stumble with nothing on her head.

A cool shady place is found. This place also abounds in large smooth stones, which serve as washboards. The clothes are emptied into the river, and for a little while left to soak, then each girl perches herself on a stone, reaches down into the tub formed by stones nature has provided, and brings out a garment which laid upon the stone is well soaped.

The soap manufacturer could grow rich in Africa, but even here, nature offers competition, for the native entirely out of reach of civilization demonstrates that onions, soap bark, sand or cocoanut bark will make the clothes as white, and not eat them half so much as soap.

After the clothes are soaked they are first lashed on the stones, then kneaded, then dipped in the water, lashed again, lastly one end of the garment held upon the stone while the other is being rubbed up and over.

This act finished, the garment is taken to another tub provided by nature, well rinsed and after being rung (no blue) is spread upon high clean grass where the sun beautifully bleaches the garment.

Thus the work continues until the whole wash is finished, no blistered hands, no broken backs, no emptying of tubs, no worn out nerves.

This is the ideal way to wash, the real washing paraphernalia, a custom civilization could well copy from heathen Africa.

Almost a Heroine.

(Grace Pettman, in 'Good Words.')

CHAPTER I.

'I don't care, I won't learn! You may scold, Miss Clare; I wish you would scold Helen for a change. She is always the favorite! I hate languages! French is trouble enough, but German is worse. Fancy expecting anyone to remember different genders for everything, and calling a spoon "he," a fork "she," and a knife "it."' I'll never touch that grammar again—so there!'

'Trixie!'

For a moment the governess' voice of authority lulled the storm of her pupil's passion.

'Trixie, please go indoors until you recover your self-control and learn respect. You have forgotten yourself.'

But when once Trixie Crawford's high spirits got the upper hand she threw restraint to the winds. Tossing her head defiantly she turned away from her governess; not, however, to go into the house as bidden, but, stalking off in high dudgeon, she went farther down the garden.

It was a scorching hot July day, and although Colonel Crawford's pretty house stood on the high cliffs overlooking the wild North Sea the heat was terrific. Miss Clare had readily agreed to lessons in the summer-house this morning.

Trixie Crawford was motherless—the only child of a father who doted on her, and rendered discipline rather difficult. For a long time Miss Clare found her position of governess no easy one as far as her elder pupil was concerned.

With Helen Harcourt it was different. The gentle daughter of the vicar of Woldham came every day to share Trixie's lessons, and never once gave the long-suffering governess any trouble.

A storm had been brewing for a long time, and now it had broken—broken in open defiance of discipline and obedience, that was all. Trixie was by no means clever, though she might have done very well but for sheer indolence and inattention. But where French and German were concerned Miss Clare found trouble indeed. Not only had Trixie no gift for languages whatever, but she hated German with positive animosity; why, nobody knew. Helen, on the other hand, had made quiet and steady progress, and was so far ahead of the older girl that it was impossible for them to study together. Perhaps Trixie's anger and jealousy over this accounted for a good deal, though she knew she alone was to blame.

But this morning's open defiance of her governess had brought matters to a climax, and Miss Clare felt she must tell the whole story to Colonel Crawford, for the girl's sake as well as her own.

'What is the meaning of it all, Miss Clare?' He spoke a trifle sharply, for, as his wilful daughter well knew, he generally took her part.

'Trixie has defied my authority, Colonel Crawford, and spoken in a fashion I dare not overlook. Either she must apologise and obey, or I must resign my post.'

'I am sorry, but she will never apologise; I know the minx too well. If you decide to leave I shall send her abroad to school. She will learn to be friendly with foreigners, and a knowledge of their languages will follow. A couple of years globe-trotting will not come amiss to me, and Trixie will be a woman then, and glad to settle down at home.'

So it was settled. Miss Clare held honor certificates that meant a great deal, and had no difficulty in obtaining another post as governess at once; while Trixie was delighted to hear she was to go abroad to school—to her it would be no punishment whatever.

So one early September day a girl, with dark, flashing eyes and defiant expression on her face, stood upon the white deck of the swift mail boat that shot out of Dover

harbor and sped over the sea towards the opposite shore.

Only one thing marred Trixie's satisfaction. By her side was a travelling companion, a neat little figure in trim tweed coat and skirt, with a sweet face covered by a serviceable sailor hat.

It was Helen Harcourt, the gentle girl who had come every day to share her studies in her Yorkshire home. Hearing the colonel's decision the Vicar of Woldham had settled to send his daughter to the same school with the girl he believed to be her closest friend. How little he knew! A strong bond of friendship had once united the two girls, it is true, but of late they had drifted apart. How could it be otherwise when they had scarcely a point in common?

Once settled down to work in Paris, Trixie and Helen saw comparatively little of each other. The younger of the two, Helen, was well ahead of her companion, and was placed in a higher class. Trixie found herself among younger girls, and the fact galled her to make the most of her opportunities.

But in one respect she was determined to have her own way, and her father had weakly yielded. The one subject so unreasonably disliked was left out of her course of study, and as German was not compulsory in the school Trixie held her own throughout.

A couple of years passed quickly away, Trixie had gained a superficial knowledge of a great many subjects, could chatter French with ease, and sing and play in showy, brilliant fashion, as well as making herself popular at school.

Meanwhile, Helen had quietly plodded on, using every opportunity she had, and when the time came for saying good-bye to school-life and to Paris, Helen was a well-read and accomplished girl, besides having conquered the difficulties of the dreaded German tongue.

Full of girlish anticipation and high hopes the two girls returned at last to England and took up the threads of life again in their quiet Yorkshire home. They were glad to get back to the old home, to the walks by the sea, and Trixie, accompanied by her dog, was a happy being now that schooldays were done.

CHAPTER II.

It was a stormy evening in late November. The gale which had raged off the northern coast all day increased in fury as the sun went down, and as the waves came rushing in with mountainous crests, bursting with a deadening roar among the rocks and booming like cannons among the gloomy caves along the shore.

The roaring of the wind was terrific, and the rain dashed in sheets against the window-pane as Trixie Crawford and her father settled themselves cosily in the snuggest room in the house, and tried to forget the howling of the wind.

Over and over again the colonel had congratulated himself upon the success of his plan in sending Trixie abroad.

The old defiance of childish days seemed to be curbed and checked; she was ambitious and good-looking, her sparkling wit made her an interesting companion, and showy accomplishments led a good many of her acquaintances to regard her as a clever girl.

Of late Trixie had developed a taste for heroics, and indulged in reading stirring tales of brave deeds and records in the past.

Closing her book with a sigh, for the last page of some glorious record of valor and heroism was done, Trixie looked up with eyes aglow with enthusiasm.

'Oh, father, mustn't it be glorious to have the world think of you as a hero or a heroine! What wouldn't I give to do some great deed—something heroic and grand!'

A red spot of color glowed in the girl's cheeks at the glory of the thought.

Colonel Crawford was silent for a moment, as if he were surprised to hear such words from Trixie. Then there came back to him the memory of his own days of conflict and of victory—days on the battlefield, when quiet obedience in matters of trivial duty had often counted for valor, though perhaps never mentioned in despatches or rewarded with a hero's cross.

Sometimes he had fancied his training of his daughter had been far from wise, and he was glad to hear her speak as she had done.

'Trixie, my child, all great deeds are made up of little deeds well done; remember that. The man who accomplishes each task and fulfils each duty faithfully is the man who is ready for the great opportunity of heroism when it comes. It is generally those who have quietly done their duty and won the earlier victories over self and passion who become the world's great heroes. The opportunity may come to another, but the neglect of daily heroism has been the neglect of daily preparation, and they are found wanting when the great chance of life comes at last.'

It was very seldom Colonel Crawford spoke like this, and his tones were so quiet that Trixie could not tell if he were speaking of his own experience of life or whether his words were directed to her as a personal rebuke.

At any rate, his words made her decidedly uncomfortable, and she resented them most keenly.

'Father, surely you do not consider a great deed has its foundation in trifles? Duty is a horrid word, it seems so full of drudgery——'

Trixie's sentence was broken off short, for just then the tempest smote the house with such terrific fury that the very foundations seemed to shake.

Then came a sudden lull in the storm, and clearly, distinctly, the sound of loud, hurried knocking at the hall door.

In a moment the housemaid appeared.

'Miss Trixie, one of the boatmen from the bay wants to speak to you.'

'To me!' And in a moment Trixie and her father were in the hall.

There stood one of the burly fishermen, breathless with haste and dripping wet.

'Oh, miss, it's an awful night, but will you come quick? It's to save life. You'll let her, sir, won't you? You're the only one we knows close to hand.'

'Come where? What do you mean?' said the colonel kindly. 'Explain yourself Holden.'

'Down to t' beach sir. There's a poor fellow come ashore in an overturned boat, and he talks furrin; we can't understand his jabber. He points this way and that to keep begging us to go somewhere, and points all ways to onst. We thinks there's more on 'em somewheres, but we've only one boat that we dare shove off to-night, and we want to know where to look; 'tis pitch dark and we've seen no flares. We know Miss Crawford has been out furrin, and she'll know his talk.'

A glowing pride filled Trixie's heart; here at last was an opportunity that would uplift her into the position of a heroine in the neighborhood.

But the colonel was speaking.

'My daughter has been abroad, but she cannot understand all languages; the thing is impossible! Can you give us no idea what country the fellow comes from?'

'Oh, it arn't no ways one of those outlandish ones,' said Holden reassuringly. 'Bill Peters says he knows the sound of his talk from shipping to Hamburg for a time or two; he's only a German, sir.'

Trixie turned ashy white and learned against the doorpost for support. Back to her memory came the words spoken in girlish passion in the garden, the grammar closed, flung down in anger, never to be opened again. For Trixie had had her own way and kept her word.

'What is the matter?' cried the colonel. 'Surely you do not mean——' For in that moment of bewilderment at his daughter's evident distress there came back to him also sudden recollection of Trixie's defiance and hatred over the German lessons, and the fact that he had allowed her to have her own way.

'It's no use my going.' Trixie was shedding angry tears, tears of shame, now. 'Why, oh, why did I have my own way? I haven't touched German since the day I defied Miss Clare. I was only beginning the language then—I don't know a word now.'

Then, as she realized the lives of men were in peril, her old jealousy of her schoolfellow gave way, though there had been a coolness between the girls ever since and they rarely met after their homecoming.

'Send for Helen Harcourt; she can speak German well—she took pains. Don't lose a moment!'

There was nothing else to be done. Woldham Vicarage was a mile farther away, and while the colonel hurried there himself the sailor returned to the beach, in the vain hope of gleaning enough from the foreign sailor to warrant their launching the boat without delay.

But Trixie never forgot the look on her father's face as he turned to her for a moment before going out to face the storm:

'Your folly has cost you dear; it may cost the crew their lives. Your own thoughts will be punishment enough. Was I not right about the little things?'

As one in a horrible dream Trixie saw him go out into the darkness of the tempest, then returning to the study where she had talked proudly of deeds of heroism a few moments before, she flung herself on the furry rug before the fire and burst into a passion of bitter, repentant ears.

CHAPTER III.

'Here she comes—Miss Helen! Now we shall know!'

The crowd round the boat-house parted in eager haste as a fragile girl came hurriedly along and entered the old cottage where beside the fire sat the shipwrecked sailor. He had exhausted every effort to tell them what he wished; now at last he had relapsed into silence—silence that might mean for his comrades even death.

Then, what was it—was he dreaming? Surely someone was speaking; the soft, musical tones of a girlish voice sounded in his own ears, and the words were in his own tongue!

Springing to his feet in wild excitement he poured forth a torrent of reply in answer to her questions:

'Where is your ship? Where shall the boat go to find the crew?'

'This way—that way'

And again he pointed wildly to right and left.

'The vessel is torn to pieces on the wild North rocks, only the hind part fast. Others took a boat and drifted—drifted down far—that way—to the south. Our boat turned over. I alone was saved of them!'

Very rapidly Helen translated what he said to the boatmen. They managed to get a pretty fair idea of the location of the wreck. It was decided to go northwards first, and leave till afterwards the search for the remaining boat.

Twice, thrice the sturdy sailors were beaten back by the mountainous waves, and it seemed as if their stout craft must capsize even in sight of home.

But, at length, shaking itself free from water, the boat rose cork-like on the crest of a giant wave, and was borne away to sea, while from the shore there arose a ringing cheer.

Half an hour or more had been lost in fetching Helen Harcourt. Would they be in time?

Night passed, and many spent the long hours waiting on the beach. With the dawn a speck on the wild waters was seen at last. It was the Woldham boat. A few moments' breathless suspense, a great sigh of relief, and then a ringing cheer, as, rising high on the crest of a wave, the boat ran safely ashore.

The men were saved. Not a moment too soon the brave rescuers had reached the fragment of wreck, still fast on the jagged North rocks. Not ten minutes after the last man was safely in the boat a huge wave tore the hulk from the reef. It slipped, and sank fathoms deep in the boiling sea.

Then, nothing daunted, the Woldham men had gone in search of the missing boat. There, too, they were but just in time.

Losing an oar, they had drifted danger-

FINE FLAGS FREE.

A premium you seldom get. Best Wool Bunting, will wear for years. For particulars apply to

FLAG DEPARTMENT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Witness Block, Montreal.

ously near shore. The boat had filled and sunk. Taking refuge on a ridge of rocks, they had realized the tide was rising round them, and, crying for help in the darkness, the rescue boat had reached them only just in time, for the waves had reached the rocks as the brave Woldham men took them off.

Saved—every one!

Women on the beach sobbed in thankfulness and joy, and strong men wiped away a tear. Dying fires were rekindled and homes were thrown gladly open, while the vicar took home in triumph as his guest a young clergymen, who, for his health's sake, had started to take a long voyage on the German vessel.

Somehow the rescued learned that it was due to Helen Harcourt that the rescuers came straight to the wreck without loss of time.

Helen, much to her own surprise, became the heroine of the hour, and when the German Government sent noble recognition of the bravery of the Woldham men, there came also a silver medal for the gentle girl who braved the storm to learn from the sailor the whereabouts of the crew.

And Trixie? To her came the humiliation of finding out that by losing the opportunities of days gone by she had lost all. But for the girl who had been almost a heroine, and failed, it was the beginning of a new and better life.

More than a year passed away, and then one golden summer morning all Woldham turned out to greet a noble young bridegroom and a gentle, bonnie bride.

All the world loves a lover, and Woodham folks loved Helen Harcourt fondly and welcomed the man who had won her heart. And the romantic story went from lip to lip how that the young clergyman, who had been the only passenger on the German ship, had loved from the first the gentle girl who had had so noble a share in their rescue.

He was rich and of noble family, but he had chosen the life of a clergyman because of the great opportunities it gave him of serving the Master he loved so well.

'And with our Miss Helen by his side—God bless them!—they'll be a power of good to folks where they go.'

And as the bells rang out over moor and shore more than one stopped to echo 'God bless them!' and wipe away a tear.

And Trixie, alone in the garden which had witnessed her defiance and passion long days ago, heard the ringing of the bells, and lifted a face full of tender light, a face which bore no traces now of passion and self-will. And as she watched the light dying in the west of the evening on Helen's wedding-day she whispered:

'God help me to do His will and my duty in the little things! And God bless Helen—she deserves it all!'

For the Master's Use.

A Parable.

The writing-desk lay open. Its owner had been called away in the act of beginning an important letter. On it were laid a sheet of note-paper and an envelope; beside it stood the ink-bottle, and close by lay a pen, the blotting-paper, and the pen-wiper.

The silence of the room was broken by the Notepaper speaking to his companions.

'You needn't look so consequential,' it said, scornfully; 'It is on me the letter will be written.'

'Yes,' said the Pen, 'but you forget it is I who write it.'

'And you forget,' said the Ink, 'that you couldn't write without me.'

'You needn't boast,' said the Ink-bottle, 'for where would you be but for me?'

'It is ridiculous of you all to be so conceited,' interposed the Blotting-paper; 'only for me what a mess you'd be in.'

'And may I ask,' said the envelope, 'what use would any of you be if I did not take the letter safely where it is to go?'

'But it is I who write the directions on you,' snapped the Pen.

'Dear sirs, please stop quarrelling,' gently said the little Pen-wiper, who had not spoken yet.

'What have you to say?' asked the Pen, contemptuously. 'You are nothing but a door-mat;' and he laughed at his own wit.

'Even if I am only a door-mat,' said the Pen-wiper, humbly, 'only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our master can do that.'

'I believe he's right,' said the Envelope and Note-paper together.

'Yes,' said the Ink, 'it was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing unless we are used.'

'True enough,' murmured the Ink-bottle, 'for what use would I be if you were not in me.'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the Blotting-paper, 'we ought to have thought of that.'

'Indeed yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen-wiper for calling you a door-mat,' said the Pen in a humble voice.

'Please don't mention it,' said the little Pen-wiper, 'but I do think we could be happier if we would just do the best we can, without being jealous.'

As he spoke their owner re-entered the room, and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the ink and passed to and fro on the Note-paper; the Blotting-paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen-wiper.

'We have each done our part,' murmured the Ink.

'Yes,' said the Pen, 'and without our master we could have done nothing at all.—The 'British Messenger.'

Dollie's Sunrise Lillies.

(Alice E. Allen, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

The first stars were twinkling down over the quaint fishing village, and the great glistening lake. Inside the old church all was hushed and solemn—'like the woods at sunset,' Dollie thought.

A rugged little damsel was Dollie —the daughter of the roughest, most ignorant, and most utterly worthless fisherman on the lake-shore.

Tireless and fearless as a bird, skimming the lake from dawn till dusk in her little old boat, the child was a veritable water-sprite.

What was the minister saying? Dollie sat up straight and listened.

'A sunrise prayer-service?' Eagerly, Dollie leaned forward that not one word should escape her. They would meet at sunrise on Sunday—there would be prayers and music.

Then the minister looked straight into Dollie's dark, earnest eyes, and said:

'Christ himself has promised to be here. So let us come to meet Him. Let us bring something—something dear to us—and lay it in love at His feet—because He first loved us.'

Dollie's heart thrilled strangely. She had often stolen, unnoticed, into the church to hear the music. And always she had heard something of Him—Jesus Christ. In her own way, she thought much of Him. She had long wanted to see Him—and now—

He was coming. She drew a long breath and clasped her hard, brown hands tightly together. If she could only see Him for one little minute—the great, kind man who had time to love little children. If she could only bring Him something!

But what? In all the world she had no treasure—poor little Dollie!

'If I had one single thing of my own, I'd give it to Him—'deed and I would,' she said to herself, as she went slowly home under the watchful stars. 'But there isn't a thing—not one—so there! '

Then suddenly Dollie remembered. There was her flower-garden.

Long before the big, busy world was awake the next morning, Dollie was far out on the water. The birds sang. The little pink and golden rays of the sun danced across the lake to meet her. And there in a cool, sheltered cove, asleep on the blue bosom of the lake, lay Dollie's flower-garden.

Dollie waited and watched while the great sun climbed higher and higher. At last its warm rays fell across the quiet waters. And like a flash, where had been only dull-green pads and tightly folded buds, glistened a mass of snowy, wave-kissed blossoms. Dollie's water-lilies were awake.

With quick, skilful fingers, she gathered the delicate, pure-petalled flowers, and gently, so that not one waxen leaf or glowing heart should be injured, she laid them in her basket.

A half-hour later, she landed below the poor little hut which was the only home she had ever known. Her father was there cleaning out his boat for the day's fishing. In his queer, gruff way, Fisher Ben loved his one child. As she came ashore, her breeze-blown hair full of sunshine, her little brown face bright with happiness, he watched her with something like a smile on his rough, wrinkled old face.

'What you goin' to do with 'em, lass?' he said.

'Take 'em to the church, Dad,' answered Dollie, with a glad little thrill in her voice. 'Christ's a-goin' to be there to-morrow—Min'ster said so.'

With a muttered word and a rough, sneering laugh, the old man turned away. That word, Christ—he had not heard it spoken reverently for long years. His mother had used it—yes, and his wife, too. He wondered why his lost Dollie sometimes seemed to speak to him in little Dollie's voice—why she looked at him from the depths of her little daughter's dark eyes.

Hark—which Dollie was that singing?

'Why not, why not,
Why not come to Him, now?'

He listened, stirred in spite of himself, until the clear voice died away in the distance. Dollie, carrying her fragrant burden, had entered the church. The 'Mins'ter' was there and straight to him she went.

'I've brought these lilies, sir,' she said timidly, 'for Christ. Will you please give them to Him when He comes to-morrow?' Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, she went on breathlessly, 'And will you tell Him all about how very poor we are—Dad and me—so I couldn't bring anything of any 'count. These lilies—they aren't much—for such as Him—but they're so sweet—you can't think. And oh, sir, do you s'pose He'll get here at sunrise—sure—cause you see that's when they open—'

The minister drew the child to a seat beside him there in the cool, silent church. Then he told her the story of the Child who came to earth long ago to help all who were little or lonely or tired or sinful. He told her how He took the simple things of earth and made them strong to do His grand work. He told her, too, how the same Christ is still to be found in His world, not only in the great churches and temples, but walking among the lilies and the corn.

* * * *

The morning breeze stole in through the open windows of the little church. Out upon the shore, the waters watched and waited. Then, in a glory of color, the sun came up. It brightened the lake and the shore, crept slowly on, and fell in blessing over the kneeling people. Then, touched by its unseen magic fingers, the waiting white lilies before the altar burst into perfect, scented bloom!

Dollie felt the sweet, solemn hush which filled the church. She was strangely happy. The Christ was there—she knew. She peeped through her little fingers and saw, with a smile, that His lilies had opened for Him.

Then the pastor rose. He repeated the

CAN ONLY HAVE ONE.

Subscribers to the 'Messsenger' are entitled to one (and only one) annual subscription to 'The Canadian Pictorial' at the 35 cent rate, and that only in connection with their annual subscription to the 'Messenger.'

But they can organize a club of four other subscribers for two dollars instead of four dollars. If a year's subscription to 'The Canadian Pictorial' were presented to four friends as

CHRISTMAS OR
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,

it would give general and lasting satisfaction.

See large advertisement elsewhere.

sweet, old words of the greatest of all Teachers—'Consider the lilies.'

Then he told Dollie's own little story almost as she had told it to him. His eyes were not the only wet ones, when, at its close, the people went out into the glorious sunshine of a new day.

Nor was that all. In the outer hall of the church, unseen in the shadows, was old Fisher Ben. Tears rained down his face—tears such as only strong men shed.

There Dollie found him, twined her little arms about him, and cried too. There they knelt—the pastor, the father, and the child—and the form of the Fourth was among them!

And there was joy untold in Heaven.

Boys That Succeed.

'A new boy came into our office to-day,' said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. 'He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week.'

'What makes you think so?' inquired his wife.

'Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do.'

'Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him.'

'Perhaps I shall,' replied the merchant, 'but I do not think so.'

Three days later the business man said to his wife: 'About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store.'

'How did you find that out?'

'In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began to work, he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said: "Mr. —, I have finished all that work. Now, what can I do?"

'I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, "What next?" That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man. Such boys always succeed in the end.' —'Sunday School Messenger.'

Two Days in Gale's Life.

(Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Wellspring.')

Gale stood at the opening in the garden hedge, and watched the receding form on the rough, winding road. The sunlight of early morning fell round her slim, young figure as she stood there, and flooded all the orange garden with its golden glory. Yet the place seemed to have grown suddenly lonely now that her father had gone. She wished he would turn and look back once, but he did not. All his mind was on the errand that was taking him away, and when a turn in the narrow road had finally hidden him from view the girl went slowly back to her seat in the garden, murmuring the scant consolation that it might have been an evil omen if he had looked.

'But he would not have feared,' she said, proudly. 'My father has no fear of such things.'

For herself, she found that she feared many things now that she was left to her own devices. She dreaded the long, lonely day. The garden was a mile from home, quite beyond the protection of the village, and its fruit was too valuable to the little household to be left to the mercy of anyone who might wish to steal. Gale had promised very readily to guard it during her father's absence of three days, and she had felt a pleasant sense of importance when she prepared her provision of sweet potatoes and rice and took leave of her mother. But already the day began to look drearily long in prospect, and what should she do when night came—night that might really bring thieves?

'My father said I might have some of the neighbor children to stay with me,' mused Gale, looking round her small domain, and bringing the wisdom of her fourteen years to bear upon the situation. 'But what then? They will laugh and shout so that people will know there are only children in the garden, and at night they will stay close in the little straw hut, and cry if anyone comes. I will stay alone and keep quiet, and maybe no one will know that my father is gone.'

She walked about the thick hedge that bordered the place and busied herself with piling broken tiles wherever she thought anyone might try to force an entrance, so that the rattling would be sure to awaken her if she slept. Then she gathered a heap of stones beside the hut where they would serve as ammunition.

'If anyone comes, I will keep in the shadow of the doorway and throw stones. It will frighten them away, for they will never think a girl is here alone,' she decided.

She had slept safely many a night in that little straw hut, but always her father had been with her—her father, who, ever since she was a tiny child, had been such a wonderful companion in this land where, as a rule, fathers were not overfond of their daughters. Gale thought about it that morning as she had often thought before, and when her plans for defence were completed, and she sat down to rest where the sunlight sifting down through a network of leaves threw shifting lights and shadows over her black hair, she wondered dreamily about many things.

When she was younger, she had often wished for a brother or sister. Nearly all the girls with whom she played carried babies on their backs—usually a little brother to be taken care of—but Gale was an only child. As she grew older, however, she had begun to realize that this state of affairs had its advantages. The other girls had no such place in the home as hers; they were not loved and valued as their brothers were, and not one of them was so cared for by her father.

But there Gale's thoughts ran into the tangle that often troubled them of late, and little lines of perplexity wrinkled her smooth forehead. It could not be altogether because she was the only child; it was because her father was, as the other children sometimes hinted, tauntingly, 'different,' and Gale had reached the point where she was not quite

---

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value. If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the school whether they wish it continued at the low rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more. This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer. We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its contents.

The "Northern Messenger" is being read by nearly a quarter of a Million Canadian Sunday School Children—the great City Schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest cross-roads School according it first place in their hearts.

This is our Diamond Jubilee Year and we ask our friends to recognize it by introducing the "Northern Messenger" into many new schools.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours Sincerely,
John Dougall & Son,
publishers, Montreal.

N.B.—We will be starting a first class new serial story in a few weeks. Better get in line in time for that. Sunday Schools intending to send in 'Messenger' clubs for the first time for 1907, should remit at once and they will receive

the balance of this year free of charge.

sure that she was willing to accept all that the difference meant.

There were her feet; she pouted as she looked down at them. Of course, it was very pleasant to be able to run about at will in the garden or on the hillside, and to escape the pain of the foot-binding, but still one did not like to be entirely out of fashion. A girl is a girl in the Orient as well as elsewhere, and Gale's companions, who could scarcely move about, were beginning to follow her free steps with glances of contemptuous pity, and to remark that, even if the very best were done for her at once, she could never hope to be very 'lily-footed.' But Gale's father would have none of it; he said that if her feet were bound her hands should be bound also.

It had been a long time, too, since they had celebrated any of the birthdays of the gods, or kept a lamp burning at the New Year to welcome the kitchen god back after his holiday. There were the general celebrations in which one could share, and the grave of the grandfather never lacked gilt papers to flutter over it, but Gale could not boast of the number of cakes and sticks of incense carried to the temple or of fetes and ceremonies for the household gods. And though she and her mother sometimes went with their friends, yet the girl knew that deep in her heart she had no faith in the countless images the others worshipped.

She still was not sure that she was ready to turn entirely to the new ways. It sounded very sweet and comforting sometimes when her father talked to her of the things the 'white teachers' had taught, and sometimes, when she looked up at all the stars at night, her heart grew both hungry and glad at the thought of the Friend her father knew. People might hint and sneer a little, secretly, but they sought her father's counsel when they were in difficulty, and he was much respected in the village. Would he be so wise and trustworthy if it were not for the things which he believed? Gale did not know. The mother said little, and one could not tell just where she stood—especially if one did not care to learn, and Gale did not; she was not ready to know just where she stood herself, and she wished she could stop thinking of it all.

A shrill young voice sounded through the garden, and Gale's little cousin Kim Kek followed the voice. He looked almost as broad as he was long in his gay jacket and loose, flapping trousers, but he wore an air of great importance, as became an eldest son of the mature age of seven years. He had been sent with a message to his uncle, but he lingered contentedly enough when he found he could not deliver it.

'I will stay till he comes back,' he announced.

'Oh, no!' said Gale. 'He will not come for three days.'

She was sorry the moment the words were spoken, for Kim Kek's black eyes became inquisitive at once.

'Why should he stay so long? Where did he go?'

'To Swatow,' admitted Gale, reluctantly. Little Kim Kek would be sure to relate all he saw and heard, she reflected. Also Aunt Silver Flower had a tongue that loved to talk.

'Why did he go there?' demanded Kim Kek.

'Would I be so bold as to ask him that?' said Gale, reprovingly. 'Be sure I did not.'

But Kim Kek was not so easily repressed. His black eyes gleamed with a sudden mingling of mischief and sagacity, and, bobbing his small head until his queue flapped wildly, he declared, emphatically:—

'Ah, I know! It was to see the "white teachers" he went. Everyone says my uncle is of their way now, and you need not try to hide it. Maybe you will never see him any more. All the people in the village say the foreign devils make wonderful medicine out of the eyes and hearts of any they can coax to join them. They may kill your father.'

'Those are only silly tales; they are not true,' answered Gale, stoutly; yet a sickening shiver of fear crept over her. She, too, suspected that her father's errand had been to seek the missionaries, perhaps to openly join himself to their faith, and she knew that Kim Kek's words but voiced the popular opinion. How did she know that the traveller would ever come again?

Then her courage and common sense rallied. She remembered the white lady whom she had heard talk, and still better the gentle presence beside a sick bed. 'You should not believe such evil things, Kim Kek,' she said, but the indignant tone in her voice was for herself even more than for the child. 'You should not call such names when it was the white doctor woman who made your mother well.'

'If she did, my mother does not turn to the new way,' insisted the boy. 'When I am a man, I will make plenty of worship to my ancestors and our own gods, but I will not run after the strangers and make people whisper about me and shake their heads when I pass by.'

'It will be well if you ever grow to be a man like my father,' she said, and then she wisely changed the subject by drawing her young cousin's attention to matters of interest in the garden.

Kim Kek undoubtedly enjoyed himself. He partook of Gale's store of boiled rice and sweet potatoes. He lingered far into the afternoon, though she reminded him that Aunt Silver Flower might be waiting, and finally it grew so late that he feared to take the homeward walk alone. He, too, would sleep in the little straw hut, he said. A girl could not take care of a garden all alone.

But long after the little fellow was peacefully sleeping upon his mat, the girl's black eyes, wide and watchful, looked out into the night. She could see the red glow of distant charcoal pits, and higher still the stars, quiet and calm, as if they, too, were anxious at every sound, and by and by, when the moon arose and flooded the place with its light, she slipped from the hut to assure herself that all was safe. Down by the little gate in the hedge she stopped for a moment and looked along the deserted road twisting away in the white moonlight. It was purposely narrow and crooked, that evil spirits might not find their way along it and do harm to the villages.

'Yet men travel it easily enough, and even children; the spirits must be very stupid if they cannot find their way,' thought Gale.

In spite of her brave resolution to stay by herself, Kim Kek's childish presence did make the place less lonely, and, reassured by her tour of investigation, the girl's tangled thoughts finally lost themselves in dreams.

The night passed without alarm, and in the morning Kim Kek boasted of the protection he had afforded. He was so proud of his guardianship that Gale greatly feared he would tell of the exploit to all whom he met, and so advertise the fact of her being alone. She tried to caution him without arousing his wilfulness.

'We will be careful of what we say, for if thieves do not know that my father is away they will be less likely to come,' she remarked, with studied carelessness.

But he had scarcely started on his homeward way before something of much greater importance put the whole matter out of his mind. People were running to and fro near the river bank, and there were cries of terror and exclamations of amazement, while the crowd constantly increased until the whole village seemed to be pouring out toward the spot.

'What is it? What is it?' demanded Kim Kek of those whom he knew, and then he saw his elder sister among the others. 'What is it?' he asked again.

'Oh, a dreadful bamboo dragon has come down the river, no one knows from where,' she said, tremblingly. 'But it has landed right on our shore, and it will bring sickness and trouble to all the village; everyone says it will. Oh, why did it come here? I am afraid, Kim Kek.'

Others were afraid, also, for the village wiseacres were shaking their heads dolefully, and prophesying evils, many and dire. The dragon was of a kind worshipped in many places, and was made of bamboo twigs, gorgeously painted, with glaring eyes and a hideous snout. It was usually stationed near a river, and was pacified and kept in an enviable frame of mind by being lowered reverently into the water or placed in a temple on land, according as the soothsayers interpreted its desires. This one had broken loose from its moorings somewhere and brought its unwelcome presence here, where, of course, its errand could only be mischief and harm. Kim Kek enjoyed spreading the news, even though it might be bad, and he ran and told Gale.

'Oh, there is no doubt that it means evil, for you see how it lies with the great mouth toward the village,' said an old woman, as the girl joined the throng. 'My daughter-in-law is sick, and now I fear she will die. Ah, why must it have come here!'

Everyone wished it away, but no one dared to touch it. Instead, people were bringing offerings from their poor homes to appease its wrath, rice and fruit and gifts of fowl.

Gale looked at the tearful faces of some who had sick friends, and then with a feeling of disgust at that image of bamboo and paint—nothing but twigs and a daub of color!she did not fear that thing. With a sudden rush of feeling, the question which had been so long balancing in Gale's mind settled itself then and there. She knew where she belonged. She was her father's daughter, and she believed in the great Friend in heaven. With a thrill of exultation that last knowledge came to her, and then a swift wave of pity swept over her as she saw the troubled faces round her.

'See! it cannot hurt; it is only sticks and paint,' she said, stepping quickly forward and poking her umbrella into the frame of bamboo. 'If we do not want it here, we will not have it here; we will send it away,' and, with a few vigorous thrusts, the frame was pushed into the water and went bobbing helplessly down the stream.

There was a moment's terrified silence, and then a murmur ran through the throng, but it was a voice of relief, as if a nightmare had been lifted. The girl might have brought the curse of an evil spirit upon herself—some thought she had—but surely it would be only upon herself, and the village was saved, so that they were disposed to praise her. And there were some who went away secretly wondering about the power which protected her, and the God in whom she believed.

Gale went back to her garden amazed at herself. It seemed to the overstrained heart and brain as if the long day would never end. She longed to throw herself into her mother's arms and talk to her, and more than all she wanted to see her father again. That night she stayed alone, but with the morning her father came. He had heard in the village the story of what she had done, and he called her his brave girl, but she knew that the joy in his face meant more than any pleasure in her courage and faithfulness; that he understood the new life that had come to her.

Later the mother told her about it—how he had gone to the city to openly avow the faith he had so long held, and to become a member of the native church there. But his journey had to do with Gale as well; for her he had sought a place in the 'white teachers'' school, and she was to go and learn all the things she was hungering and thirsting to know.

The girl listened as if in a dream. Once she had visited that school for an hour, and ever since it had lived in her memory. The gates seemed opening wide into a wonderful new world, and deep down in her heart a voice began to sing:—

'Some day I, too, shall carry the light;
I, too, shall tell of Him.'

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

Every boy aspires to a fountain pen. His vest pocket is made for one. Any wideawake boy can secure one FREE by selling only ONE DOZEN AND A HALF copies of "The Canadian Pictorial," a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten cents a copy, with a ten cent coupon in each.

The pen we offer is a first-class article, full size, with a gold 14k nib—fine, medium or stub—compares favorably with any $2.00 fountain pen.

Send us a postal asking for the papers. When sold, remit us $1.50, and get your pen by return mail.

No risk about this! Show our full page announcements to your friends and get them interested in advance, so that you know where to go the moment your papers reach you.

First number ready almost immediately. DON'T MISS IT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for "The Canadian Pictorial,"
"Witness" Block, Montreal.

P. S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we, of course, mail premium by return mail, as well as the papers.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

No one could tell who was the happiest of the guests. Mr. Daniels, seated on the bench between the Saint and Mickey, said he never had had such a good time; Dr. Hanauer, with a watchful eye on his two patients, told innumerable funny little stories; Jim looked his happiness, and the rest, too, found words too weak to express their content. Every one was supremely happy until a dish of candy was brought forth, and Mickey almost sobbed, 'I can't eat any more, ma!'

'Oh, never mind,' soothed Mr. Daniels, 'You don't have to! You can carry some home.'

'And,' added the doctor, 'I guess your stomach will be glad you are carrying it on the outside. You'll be coming up to the hospital next with a stomach-ache.'

Then Mr. Daniels leaned back against the wall, and with his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Daley's daisy, he sang gaily,

'Once there was a nigger boy
Way down on the Nile,
And he had a stomach-ache,
All, all the while!'

Then Puddin' demanded that Cecilia sing, and with her cheeks flushed, she pushed the hair back from her forehead, and sang softly, not only the chorus, but all the words of the song she loved. And when she had finished, she smiled gaily at Jim, 'That's my surprise for you,—Mr. Daniels taught me that.'

And Jim leaned forward, and said earnestly. ''Tis a fine surprise, Saint Cecilia. But I'm having so many surprises that I don't know if I'm asleep or awake. I don't know what to say to you all—my heart is so full that my tongue can't talk. 'Tis the first time I ever had to say thanks to any one, so I scarce know how. I could be squaring up with the folks in the Court here, but I don't know what I can do to pay you, Dr. Hanauer, or you, Mr. Daniels. I know well what I'm owing you!'

'No you don't, Mr. Belway!' Mr. Daniels was standing upright now, his head almost touching the ceiling, his eyes fixed intently on Jim's face. 'I'm not much of an after-dinner speaker, but I've got a few things to say, and I am going to say them now. You can thank Hanauer if you like—he deserves everything you can say. Don't cut in, Phil, this is my party! But you can't thank me, for I owe you more than you owe me. I've been a drunken fool, Mr. Belway, and if it wasn't for Hanauer I'd have been in a drunkard's grave years ago. Not that I didn't try to fight it back—I did try! But one day when I had about decided to quit the devilish struggle, Saint Cecilia here told me that you said God would forget the weakness in the fight—that only a coward stops fighting! And because of that child's faith in me, I took fresh hold. But I know you are to be thanked for her faith! And when she opened the way for me to come down here and lend a hand, she did for me what no doctor ever could do, she gave me a purpose in life. Don't you dare to thank me! Why I owe to you all, even the desire to live! I know life, but I never realized before what a struggle life meant for some of us! And I never realized bzefore what a man like you means to a community like this until Cecilia told me all about you!'

Jim lifted his hand deprecatingly, but Dr. Hanauer was enthusiastically slapping Mr. Daniels on the back, and shouting, 'Good for you, Billy! Your speech is O. K.!'

'But I'm not through!' protested Billy. 'I have far more than any man needs, and I propose that I try to pay part of the debt I claim I owe. Mr. Belway, this little girl looks upon you as her guardian; will you listen to my plan? I propose to send her to school until she has a good education, and to so train her voice as to make it, if possible, a source of pleasure and profit to her when she grows up. I want her to meet her life a well-educated, well-trained woman! Do you give your consent?'

'My consent!' echoed Jim, delightedly. 'Why, it is a godsend! It is a plan worthy of you!'

'Jim,' Cecilia's eyes were big and scared, and her voice trembled, 'I can't go away from you and Puddin'.'

'Saint Cecilia,' Mr. Daniels tried to be stern, 'will you please listen! When Dr. Hanauer says that Puddin' is strong enough to leave the hospital, then he too will go to school right with you, and he is going to have an equal chance with you. And if you are afraid Jim will be lonesome here without you, why, I tell you my plans take him in, too!'

But Jim, his voice unshaken, his eyes looking in Mr. Daniels' own, said firmly, 'For what you're doing for these children, Mr. Daniels, I am thanking you, and when they are old enough, 'tis like they'll do more; and for what you've done for me —why, what I can pay back I will, and what I can't, I'll never forget. But I couldn't be happy away from the Court, for poor as it is, I've lived my life here, and here among the ones who know me well, I'll finish it. Margaret lived here, and I feel I'm closer to her, sir, here. So, while I'm thanking you for your kindly thought of me, I'll be stayin' here, and mendin' shoes!'

Then Cecilia began to cry, until Mrs. Daley cried impatiently, 'Listen to her now! Would a saint be crying because she was getting what few can have! Hush yourself, and be thankin' your stars that the gentleman is doing for you like his own. 'Tis your mother must have prayed to the saints'! And she smoothed the child's hair back lovingly.

'Cecilia,' at the first tone of Jim's voice she looked up, ''tis a coward ye'll be if you cry now. This Court is well for me, but God bless Mr. Daniels for saving you from growing up here. You'll be the same little Saint to me, and you'll be seeing me often, but you'll be stopping your crying, and be getting an education that'll be making me proud of ye. Do you want Puddin' to grow up here? How could ye help if you don't know nothing?'

And because she realized what it would mean to Puddin', the tears fled, and she smiled up gratefully at Mr. Daniels, and said, 'You're awful good to me and Puddin'! Puddin' he don't understand it, 'cause he's too little, but I'll try and be good too, like you and Jim and Doctor Hanauer. I know now why my mother was smiling like when she was dead; it was 'cause she knew then that God was going to be awful good to me and Puddin'. And He is!'

Dr. Hanauer put his hand quietly on her shoulder, and said reverently, 'He is good to you, Saint Cecilia! He is better to you than you realize now!'

'He is that! 'Tis a true word,' responded Mrs. Daley fervently.

'And He is best of all to me!' Mr. Daniels' voice was low, and not as steady as usual. 'Phil, I am going to start life now where I left off ten years ago. There's ten years gone to waste out of my life, but I'll try to make the rest of it even up.'

'Billy, you needn't try to do that! You're even now! There's a fair field before you, and you've got a good start.' The doctor's hand grasped his tightly. 'You can't call back the past years, but I tell you the future is going to be all the brighter because you know the gloom of the past!'

'You're right ...ere, Dr. Hanauer.' Jim straightened out and held forth his hand to Mr. Daniels. 'If you keep a brave face and willing hand to the future, God Himself will take care of the past.'

'Then Jim, we can all of us be starting fresh this day!' The Saint's hand clasped his lovingly, while her eyes, brilliant with excitement, rested tenderly on the little group. 'God knows about how hard my mother used to try, and how me and Puddin' used to be, and He knows about Mr. Daniels a-fightin' and a-tryin', and if He's going to take care of it all, then we can forget it, can't we? And we can keep on a-tryin' and a-gettin' gooder. And Puddin' and me will learn lots, and when we're growed up, maybe you and God and Mr. Daniels, and Dr. Hanauer won't be sorry you were good to us!' And then, because she felt more than she could put into words, she folded her hands reverently, and softly and sweetly drifted into song. Sitting quietly there, in the little shop, in all their hearts there sounded an echo to the tender words, and no service of song ever awakened more solemn reverence than the low words sounding softly through the room,

'Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!'

THE END.

Some Boy's Mistakes.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake, for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respected and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real 'royal road to fortune' is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sabbath school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sabbath school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything 'on the sly.' The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficut for him to regain it. The wise boy will be 'as honest as the day.' Woe to him if he is not!—'American Boy.'

BOYS' WATCH FREE.

We will give this handsome Watch free to any boy who sells twenty-four copies of the new illustrated monthly, **'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL'** —at ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each).

The Watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last with care for years.

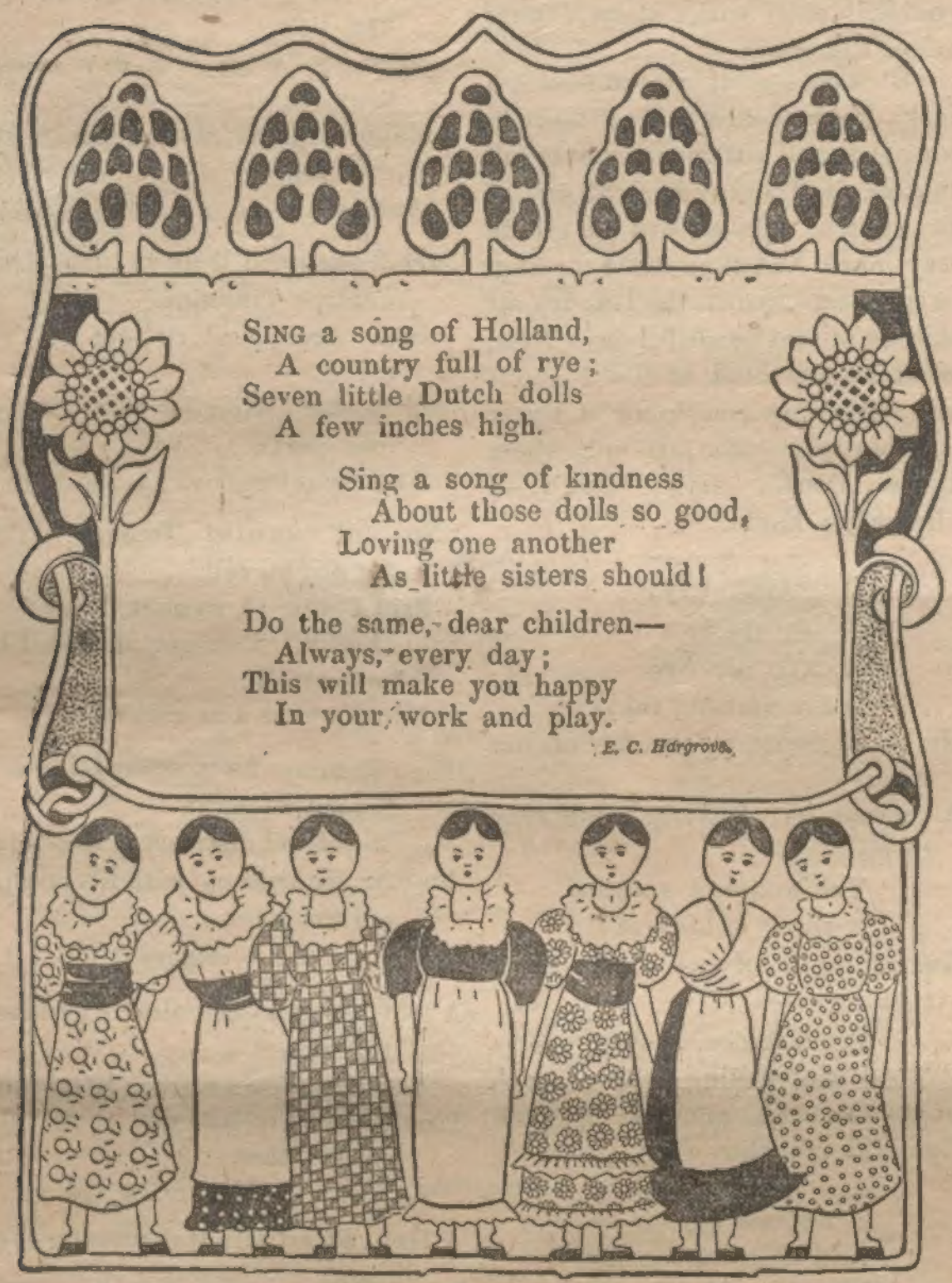
'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL' is a new paper. Sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. See full page announcement elsewhere in this issue and show it to your friends, thus securing their interest in advance. Send us a postcard—we send the papers postpaid, and when you remit us the $2.40, we send the watch by return mail.

First number ready almost immediately. Don't miss it. Order at once.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we of course, mail premium by return mail, as well as the papers.

LITTLE FOLKS



A Shaggy Newsboy.

The railway ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train near the door, asked if I wanted to see a 'real country newsboy.' I, of course, answered 'Yes.' So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as he swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, 'way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railway, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bounding along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the field toward the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

'What will he do with the paper?' I asked the tall young conductor by my side

'Carry it to the folks at the house,' he answered.

'Is that your home?' I enquired.

'Yes,' he responded; 'my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day.'

'Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?'

'No,' said he, 'they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter.'

'But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?' I asked with considerable curiosity.

'Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this.'

'How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?' I asked again.

'That is more than I can tell,' answered the conductor, 'but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo.'

'So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself,' I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away, who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not 'tell the time by the clock.'—Exchange.

Dixie Doodle's Naughtiness.

(Told by Himself.)

I'm going to tell about a time when I was very naughty—only promise me not to tell any other little dogs about it. I don't want to set a bad example.

My little master 'C' loves me dearly. He takes me out with him almost everywhere except on Sundays. Then he says 'Good-by Dixie. Be a nice little brown dog until master gets home. No, you can't come. Little doggies don't go to church!'

Well, I thought and thought about this and I didn't like it. I've got good sense even if that impolite grocery boy did call me a 'silly yellow cur' just because I chased him—some people can't take a joke

—so I decided I needed to go to church if 'C' did. After he had gone one Sunday, I went out to the kitchen and pranced about near my chain and ribbon until at last Minnie looked up and said:

'What on earth do you want, Dixie? You can't go by-by to-day,' but I just kept on dancing about until at last she reached up for my ribbon and tied a big bow on my collar, saying: 'There, if that's what you want, take it, and go! I've got my dinner to get!'

Of course it was what I wanted. 'C' always dresses up for church, so why shouldn't I. I always wear a pretty collar with my name and address on it, and my license tag, too, but I look more stylish when I I have a bow on. It's usually a yellow bow—that suits my complexion best.

I knew just where to go—I sometimes meet 'C'—so I reached the church safely, and waited until the man at the doors stepped aside, then I slipped in just like a streak of lightning, and walked softly up the aisle from side to side, zigzagging, until I found our pew. I heard some people laugh and I looked around, but I didn't see anything funny, so I kept on.

As soon as I reached 'C' I said pleasantly, 'Woof! woof!' thinking how surprised he would be, but he just reached down and jerked me in rather rudely, I must confess, saying: 'Oh Dixie, you naughty doggie! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!' while missus leaned over and whispered, 'Take him out quietly, dear, during the next hymn.'

'I snuggled down in 'C's' arms —I'm of a good disposition, so I forgave him for his rudeness to me —and looked about. Just then some music began, very soft and low, the kind which makes me put my head up in the air and sing. ('C' calls it howling.) I was just preparing to accompany that music in my very best style, when suddenly a man walked down the aisle with a basket on the end of a long pole, and what do you think he did? He poked it right at 'C'!

I couldn't allow that to my own dear little master, so I jumped up and went 'Woof! woof! woof!' with all my might and my bark is big, if I am small. I just wanted to let that man know that he couldn't poke sticks at my family when I'm about.

'C' wasn't a bit grateful—not a bit! He squeezed me up tight in his arms, and put his hand over my muzzle, and hurried right out of the church. He scolded me all the way home, and then made me stay in my box down in the laundry all the rest of that beautiful day. Now, what do you think of that? So if any little dogs you know of think of going to church, just tell them Dixie Doodle says 'Don't!'—

'Brooklyn Eagle.'

The Fly.

A fly,
To my eye
Is a wonderful thing.
He buzzes about all the day on his wing—
A gossamer, flibberty, gibberty thing.
You wouldn't surmise
A thing of his size
Had strength for all of the tasks that he tries.
For instance, to-day
I was reading away
Of fairies and gnomes and the pranks that they play,
When a fly
Came by,
And then he began
On a horrible plan
Of worrying,
Flurrying,
Scurrying in,
And flicking the ends of my nose and my chin,
Until I'd
Like to died
With wrath and chagrin.
Now I'm a big thing—
The fly he was small,
He'd flop and he'd fling,
He'd buzz and he'd sing,
While I would do nothing at all
But whack at that fly
Each time he came by,
Deep wrath in my eye;
I never could hit however I'd try
I whacked for two hours
With all of my powers;
And when it was done
I sat weary
And teary—
While he was as fresh as when he had begun.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Story of an Apple.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking one day when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy, I'll have it.' Said Peter, ''Tis mine.'
Said Archy, 'I've got it; so there!'
Said Robby, 'Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share.'

'No, no!' shouted Tommy; 'I'll have it myself.'
Said Peter, 'I want it, I say.'
Said Archy, 'I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away.'

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell!')
And Archy held on with his might and his main,
Till out of his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled,
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass,
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen never more!
'I wish,' whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
'We'd kept it and cut it in four.'

—Early Days.

If in Doubt, Try
The Montreal 'Witness.'
LATEST NEWS, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Queries and Answers on all subjects, etc., etc. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper.
'DAILY WITNESS' $3.00
'WEEKLY WITNESS' AND CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' $1.00
Remainder of this year given Free with ALL NEW subscriptions at these rates.
See Special Year-End Offer to New Subscribers.

Correspondence

U. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, and live in U. R., about one quarter of a mile from school. Our last teacher's name was Miss L. We have no teacher now. I have a lot of relations out west; they are all making money very fast. I am 12 years old, my birthday is on the 27th of May. I am going to send in some riddles.

1. Headless, wingless, has four eyes, always runs and never flies.
2. Why should a man always carry a watch when he travels in a desert?
3. What vegetable put into soup will make it run out of the saucepan?

FREDERIC C. E.

S., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and go to school every day, and am in the third reader.

I have two brothers and one sister. We have thirteen horses and about seventy cattle. For pets I have two colts, and their names are Pomp and Merry-legs.

I like your paper very much and always read it but when we get our mail.

BESSIE TORRIE.

A.B., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old. We used to live in Ontario, in the township of [illegible]. We moved to Sask. [illegible] We live four miles from [illegible] Lake. It is a beautiful lake, and there are lots of fish in it. I thank you for the Maple Leaf pin you sent me, I think it is lovely, and any little boy or girl that has not one ought to send for one. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, the 7th of March. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' [illegible]

HARRY M'DOLE[illegible]

D., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first [illegible] to the Messenger. I have only taken it a short time. I like it very much. [illegible] I go to school every day. I am [illegible] years old. I have three sisters [illegible] brothers. We live on a farm and have [illegible] cows, three horses, and a little [illegible] horses. They are Mail, Bay and Jim, and the [illegible] name is Nero. We have three cats and a [illegible]. The cats' names are Pearl and Tom, and we call the other one the old cat. The dog's name is Fred. I saw some questions in the 'Messenger' which I think I can answer. The answer to Ernest Pushee's first one is smoke; and the second one is two. I am going to send one:

What is it that is too long, and cut a piece off, will make it long enough.

BERTHA L. A.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and as we like it very much, I thought I would write a letter to it.

I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I am in the Fifth Grade. I have three brothers and one sister, who lives with my aunt. We have a little kitten, a colt, two horses ,and some hens. B. is a pretty place in summer.

MARY CONNELL.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years of age, my birthday is March 8. The two texts commencing with L and S, that Eva M. Nichols could not find are: —

'Search the scriptures.' —St. John v., 59.

'Let not your heart be troubled.'—St. John xiv., 1.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday, and am a member of the United Baptist Church.

It is a very pleasant place in summer here. I live near a pond, where some lovely white pond lilies are found.

LENA P. FOOTE.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the story of St. Cecilia of the Court is a fine story. I go to Sabbath school in G., and get the 'Messenger' there. I walk about two miles. My two girl friends, J. F., and N. S., come to [illegible] the very often. I came from Glasgow, Scotland, when I was seven and a half years old. I have two sisters in Scotland, and no brothers. My mother and father are dead but my grandma and grandpa are living. I had a little nephew, but he died and I have a little nephew now. I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close with a riddle—Who are the four brothers that live under one hat?

MAGGIE HAMILTON.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school now, as I passed the entrance in July but I expect to go to High School soon. My brother and sister go to Public School.

We live on a farm, and I think it is rather nice, as you get lots of fresh air and exercise. I can play a little, skate, and ride horseback, and wheel, but I do not read very many books.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I don't think I could do without it. I have got quite a number of new subscribers, and they all think the 'Messenger' a lovely paper. Thank you so much for the lace curtains I received as a premium.

F. S. FRANKLIN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'On the water.' [illegible] Rankin, W. L., Ont.
2. 'Log Cabin.' Hazel Barton, S.C., N.B.
3. 'Box.' E. I. Campbell, E., Que.
4. 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.' Grace McCroney, B., Ont.
5. 'An Indian Canoe.' F. Coles
6. 'Grandma's House.' E. A. P., B. R., Ont.
7. 'A Clown.' Edna Harris, M., Mich.
8. 'Rare Fun.' John Doran, I., Ont.
9. 'Sailboat.' Willie B., B., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Harry Clark, B., Ont., sends in this riddle:—

Fatherless, motherless, born without skin,
Came into this world and spake, and never spoke again?

Lillian E. Taylor, C., N.S., is one of a large family. She has three sisters and seven brothers. This is a riddle she sends:

As I was going through a field of wheat,
I picked up something good to eat.
'Twas neither, fish, flesh, fowl, or bone,
I kept it till it could walk alone.

Mary W. Long, E., Ont., answers which is the shortest verse in the Bible, and guesses the plum pudding riddle beginning 'Flowers of England, fruit of Spain.'

Martha E. Delbridge, H., Ont., answers one of the riddles, and sends in this:—'There is a little house that has no windows or doors. It is full of meat, and nothing can get into it.'

Minnie Ursaki, R., Sask., guessed the riddle of the London scholar, and sends in three riddles, which have, however, been asked.

Murray Palmer, C.L., Ont., bids fair to be a good writer. He [illegible]s Freddie Blundell's riddle(and [illegible]ter's. Here is a question he asks: [illegible] relation is your uncle's brother to you [illegible] he is not your uncle?

Katie M. Mackenzie, D., Ont., thinks the answer to Della Hodge's second riddle is Friendship. She closes her letter with this riddle,—When you walk with some one, what fruit do you represent?

Jane Wyllie, M.B., N.S., writes a little letter to say she received the Bible which she won, although she is only nine years old.

Letters have also been received from Margaret Crawford, A. C., Ont.; Laura McLellan, L.C., N.S.; and Emery Blakesley, M. C., Kansas.

Here is a nice little riddle that the 'Ram's Horn' gives—

My first is in run, but not in fun;
My second is in four, also in ore;
My third is in man, but not in fan;
My fourth is in table, also in able;
My fifth is in Nat; but not in at;
My sixth is in some, but not in come;
My whole is a book of the Bible.

SPECIAL
Year-End
PREMIUM

FOR only THREE NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 10 cents each to Jan 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid, A beautifully colored

Maple Leaf Brooch,

in hard Enamel.

See year-end offer on another page.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Block, Montreal
Actual Size

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 14, 1906.

The Ten Virgins.

Matt. xxv., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.—Matt. xxv., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 8.—Matt. xxv., 1-13.
Tuesday, October 9.—Matt. xxiv., 1-14.
Wednesday, October 10.—Matt. xxiv., 42-51.
Thursday, October 11.—I. Thess. v., 1-13.
Friday, October 12.—Luke xii., 35-48.
Saturday, October 13.—Luke xiii., 23-30.
Sunday, October 14.—Mark xiii., 24-37.

(By Davis W. Clark)

Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
'Too late, too late! ye can not enter now!'

No light had we:—for that we do repent.
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent,
'Too late, too late! ye can not enter now!'

No light' so [illegible] and dark and chill the night—
O let us in, t[illegible] may find the light.
'Too late, too [illegible]e! ye can not enter now!'

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet!
O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet,
'No! no! too late! ye can not enter now!'
—Alfred Tennyson: Idylls of the King.

This parable fairly teems with Oriental incident and coloring. It has been called beautiful, simple, rich in instruction, and fullest in many-sided meaning. It is one of several touching the consummation of the kingdom of God.

There were ten virgins. The number suggests wholeness or entirety, ten being the all-comprehending number. The virgins were alike in that they all had lamps. They all wanted to meet the Bridegroom. They all slept. But the things in which they agreed were mere accidents. The thing in which they differed was the essential. Five (the number is not significant, certainly not of the proportion of those who are elect) had oil with which to make the festive illumination. The other five were vain and thoughtless, looking only at appearances, personally unready, and vainly expecting to have their lamps filled on a sudden from the common store.

The wise could afford to nod (literally), and sleep. They were furnished. But the foolish only gave further illustration of their inveterate folly. Time they spent in sleep might better have been employed in seeking the needed store.

There is a true touch of Orientalism in the suddenness of the Bridegroom's arrival. The time could not be scheduled, as upon a modern railway time-card. . . . The dialogue between the wise and foolish is pathetic. 'Give us!' is the futile plea of Folly. 'Not so!' is the strong repellant negative of Wisdom. There is really no severity, much less irony, in the reply and accompanying advice.

The fate of the foolish, on the face of it, seems remediless. The time when they could have gotten the oil was past. They were late in troubling themselves. The time when the illumination was needed was over. The bridal party was already in the brilliancy of the banquet-hall, and the door was shut. How could the Bridegroom recognize those who had not been of the company to bid Him welcome and lead Him to His bride?

So much for the pictorial side of the parable. In its spiritual application the minutia count for little, and one needs to be on guard against excessive allegorizing. In a general way it may be said that the ten represent the whole visible Church, part of which to this day has the form only (creed and sacrament)— the lightless lamp of a mere ecclesiastical confession. The other part has the lamp of Churchly form, filled with the 'eternal substance of the Spirit of Christ.' There is a continuous, deadly antithesis: Wheat and tares; true and false; dead and living; wise and foolish. But the external similarity is so great that we are cautioned against judging and dividing.

In the ultimate analysis it is reduced to a personal matter. Each virgin brought her own lamp. None can stand for another. Holiness of another can not avail for us. The Lord's arrival is the testing-time, discovering to all alike whether in the lamp of profession there is the oil of reality or not. It is the dividing time as well. Each is on the side of the door for which he has prepared himself. There is no favoritism. Orthodoxy has long maintained that the door never will be opened to the foolish once excluded—that the decrees of judgment are eternally irreversible. It must be acknowledged that this cruel creed is voiced in gentler terms than ever before, and that there are not wanting those of untainted orthodoxy who deny it. As between conditional immortality or future probation as means of relief, the latter is to be preferred; and Canon Farrar's followers in the 'larger hope' increase.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. A parable on the consummation of the kingdom of heaven. Literary and Oriental characteristics of the parable.
II. Particular meaning.
(1) Ten virgins represent whole visible Church. Divided into two classes. Wise had form and spirit. Foolish had form only.
(2) Lord's second and sudden advent. Test of character: the day declares it.
(3) Personal element in religion emphasized. Each for himself; no possibility of interchange of spiritual life.
(4) The irreparable loss of the 'foolish' questioned in current theology.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

No parable sets forth more lucidly the probationary character of the present life.

* * * *

Analogies abound. As childhood stands related to maturity, apprenticeship to trade, studentship to profession, so the whole present life stands related to the life to come.

* * * *

Stands categorically: As fractional periods of life stand related to the whole life, so the whole life in this world stands related to the eternal life in the unseen world.

* * * *

There is philosophy as well as poetry in the lines of Alice Cary.

'The hues that our to-morrows wear
Are by our yesterday's forecast.
Our future takes into itself
The true impressions of our past;

and of George Eliot:

'Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.'

* * * *

Robin Fitzpatrick was a local celebrity in Highland County, Ohio, fifty years ago. Rising one right, he witnessed a magnificent meteoric display. In an ecstasy he cried to his wife: 'Betsy, get up! The Lord has come!' and remembering his friend, he said: 'Neighbor Hott, don't you know the Lord has come. I'll run over and tell him.' Neighbor Hott was found in hiding. Not being so well prepared for the Lord's coming as Robin, he had crawled under his bed.

* * * *

Argos lost his head when he closed the last of fifty pairs of eyes. While Ulysses slept, his sailors loosed the baleful winds of Aeolus. So the classics are woven and interwoven with legends strikingly illustrating the necessity of eternal vigilance. It remains, however, for the Divine Teacher, divesting the subject of quaint fiction, to define the ethical principles involved, and ground the necessity upon a moral basis.

* * * *

The spirit of true Christian watchfulness is sometimes lost in the mazes of arithmetical calculations of the date of the second coming of Jesus. He watches best who serves most diligently.

* * * *

The strong impression made by the Lord's teaching is apparent even in the favorite names given by early Christian parents: Gregory the Greek, Vigilantius the Latin word for watchfulness.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 14.—Topic—Who are foolish, and who are wise? Matt. xxv., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A LETTER AND A PRAYER.

Monday, October 8.—Hezekiah the good king. II. Kings xviii., 1-7.

Tuesday, October 9.—The king of Assyria. II. Kings xviii., 17, 18.

Wednesday, October 10.— Rabshakeh's message. II. Kings xviii., 19-25.

Thursday, October 11.—Isaiah's message. II. Kings xix., 1-7.

Friday, October 12.—Rabshakeh's letter. II. Kings xix., 8-13.

Saturday, October 13.—The prayer heard. II. Kings xix., 20.

Sunday, October 14.—Topic—A letter, a prayer, an answer. II. Kings xix., 14-19; 32-34.

Why Do We Hesitate?

A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relation to God. It is felt alike by the converted and unconverted persons. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied, that she wants something better, purer and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made occasion of ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself and is gone; that, seeking the Spirit, finds him not, and calling, there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—Margaret E. Sangster.

BOYS! YOUR CHOICE!

1. A Boy's Nickel Watch.
2. A Full-size Jack Knife
3. A Fountain Pen, Gold Nib.

Any of these may be secured by sending the great new Illustrated Monthly,

THE CANADIAN

PICTORIAL

No money needed in advance. You remit when you sell, and we send your premium. To see 'The Canadian Pictorial' is to want it. Read the special offers elsewhere in this paper, and make your choice, or earn them all, and welcome.

Temperance

Giving Him a Show.

Old Farmer Brownlee was moving slowly across his big onion field. He was on his hands and knees, and his head was bent low so that his nearsighted eyes could distinguish the weeds among the tiny, upright onion points. Now and then he raised himself wearily. His back was too old and rheumatic for such work, and he wished that one of his boys had chosen to be a farmer instead of a business or professional man. When at home they had taken all such work as this from him, but now the last one of them was packing his trunk for the city, and hereafter he must do his own chores and onion weeding. Well, he would not complain; the boys had bettered themselves, and that was what he most desired.

When he reached the end of the row he straightened his shoulders with a sigh of relief. Then a look of surprised inquiry came into his face. He thought he knew every boy in the neighborhood; but there from the topmost rail of his zigzag fence, a ragged, unknown boy of twelve or thirteen was regarding him earnestly. As he looked up the boy grinned conciliatingly.

'What is them things you're so careful about tendin', mister?' he asked.

Farmer Brownlee's face darkened. The idea that any one could be so ignorant as not to recognize growing onions never entered his head.

'None of your sass, boy,' he said angrily. 'An' just suppose you git down off that fence. Fust you now there'll be a rail broke, or suthin'.'

The boy sprang nimbly to the ground, but it was on the inside of the fence and not on the outside, as the old man had intimated.

'I'd like awfully well to know what they be, mister,' he said, as he bent down to examine the green, needle-like points. 'I've been watching you a long time, an' s'pose likely they're some extra fine posies, you're so careful of 'em. But say, if you don't mind, I'd like to try a row of 'em across. I b'lieve I can do it.'

The look of anger on Farmer Brownlee's face became one of astonishment. A boy anxious to weed onions, and not know what they were!—two phenomena that made him almost speechless. His boys had always been willing to do the work for him, but he could not remember that either of them had ever seemed anxious for the job.

'Not—know—onions! Well, that beats me?' Then a quizzical look came into his face. 'I d' know 's I mind you goin' across an' back. I'll sit under this tree an' sort o' keep an oversight. You must be careful an' not pull up any onions. An' say,' as the boy dropped on his knees astride one of the rows, 'you haven't told me your name yet, nor where you come from.'

'Bob Cooper, an' I'm one of the fresh air boys over at that farmhouse t'other side the hill.'

'U'm! yes, I b'lieve I did hear Sol Perkins speak of takin' some street boys for a week. Crazy idee, I thought it.'

For some minutes he watched the boy dubiously; then the uncertainty left his face, and he leaned back comfortably against the tree.

'Mighty spry with his fingers, an' careful as one o' my own boys,' he thought, approvingly. 'Do the work twice as fast's I can, if he is a greeny. U'm! makin' of another good farmer lost in him, I s'pose.' Here his eyes closed, and they had not opened when the boy came back on his second row. A sharp scrutiny and then Bob turned to the third row and again weeded his way slowly across the field. As he arose from the sixth row he heard the sharp clang of a bell. Going to the old man he touched him lightly on the shoulder.

'I guess likely that's your dinner bell, master,' he said.

'Dinner bell? sho! sho. 'Tain't nine o'clock yet. I only jest shet my eyes a minute.' He glanced up at the sun, and then down at the newly weeded onions, and his face lengthened into credulous astonishment.

'You don't mean you've weeded six rows? Why, that's much as my obstinate old back'll let me do in a whole day.' Again the dinner bell sounded. 'Yes, that's for me, sure enough. Won't you come in an 'eat with me?'

'No, Mis' Perkins 'll wonder where I've gone. But if you don't mind I'll come back soon's I've eat. I'd like to try them onions again.'

'Mind! I should think not. I'm always more than glad to run across such hands.'

It was nearly half a mile to Solomon Perkins, but when the old man returned to his onion field he found Bob already there and well down his seventh row.

They worked until dark, then the old man took out his pocket-book. Bob shook his head and grinned.

'I don't want no money, mister; but if you'll let me come again to-morrow I'd be much obliged.'

'Come all you want to. There's plenty o' work, an' we can settle when we're through. But it seems sort o' hard for you to come down here on a vacation, an' then work all the time.'

'Oh, that's all right; I like farming,' and with a quick spring he was over the fence and running across the field.

It took three days to weed the onions, and when they were finished the old man again brought out his pocket-book, but again Bob shook his head. The old man looked perplexed.

'Come, come, boy; take the money,' he urged. 'I don't want nobody to work for me for nothin'. You've airned it, every cent.'

Bob shuffled his feet and looked at the old man sideways. 'I didn't come for money,' he said, 'but there's something else. Has—has my work suited?'

'Yes, good work's I ever had. I'd like to hire you for a year.'

The boy's eyes sparkled.

'An' would you be willin' to hire a man, too?' he asked, eagerly. 'One who could work lots better than me.'

'No, I haven't work for two hands.'

The eager countenance fell.

'I thought maybe you would,' and Bob began to climb over the fence dejectedly. 'We wouldn't ask much wages, and we'd work like everything.'

'Is he some of your folks?'

'My dad.'

'U'm! Well, there's be no trouble about work, I guess. Good hands are scarce, an' your father could get plenty to do in the neighborhood. Perkins hires folks an' so does Brown an' Thompson. I've got an old house that I'll rent you cheap, an' you can move in any time you like an' go to work. I'll keep you stiddy—an' be mighty glad to git rid o' onion weedin',' grimly.

But Bob's face did not brighten as he expected.

'I don't b'lieve dad would come, 'cept he was sure of gettin' work,' he said. 'We went out in the country last summer an' tried lots of farms, but nobody would hire him. Dad said he wouldn't try again.' Then, in answer to a look of incredulity, he added, with a sudden flush coming into his face, 'You see, it's just this way: Dad's the best man in the world, an' he's a splendid worker; but he's that way like an' pleasant he won't say no to nobody. He didn't drink any 'fore mother died, an' he often goes weeks without it now—he did when I was sick last summer. Him an' me is all there is, an' sometimes he tried to give it up on my account; but most folks like him, an' there's ten whiskey shops in sight of our door. 'Tain't easy for a man to go past 'em all. Dad says he jest can't do it; if we lived 'way off in the country there might be some show.'

'If he only drinks now an' ag'in,' said the old man reflectively, 'it seems sort o' strange that he can't git work somewhere. I know a good many hired men who drink a little.'

Bob flushed and looked embarrassed.

'You see, he—he can't stop when he once gets started,' he explained, 'he's so awful easy an—an'good-natured.

H'm! drunk most o' the time, hey?'

Bob remained silent, but shuffled his feet uneasily along the rails.

'No, I dont want him,' said the old man, decidedly. 'I ain't reformin' drunkards.'

'He ain't no drunkard,' cried Bob fiercely. 'He's easy, an' we've always lived among rum shops. He smells whiskey just as soon as he steps on the street, an' there's plenty of men to give him a drink. He can't stop, but I tell you he ain't no drunkard. He ain't! he ain't! he ain't! I guess I know, for I'm most always with him. I sit up with him nights, an' I foller him when he goes out. I wouldn't be here now, only he went off with a lot o' men for two weeks an' I couldn't go 'long. I thought maybe there'd be a chance for us out here, an' I worked for you just as hard as ever I could, an' hoped you'd be willin to help me give him a show. He ain't no drunkard, an' he don't use no swear talk, an' he don't fight. He never struck me in all my life—not once. Even if he does drink, he's a good man ;an' he ain't no drunkard, no, not if nobody in the world will hire him.'

Farmer Brownlee's face had lost its severity during this explosion. Now he laid his hand detainingly on the boy's knee.

'No, I don't b'lieve your pa is all bad,' he said, gravely, 'an' maybe I said more than I meant. I'll think it over to-night, an' you come round ag'in in the mornin'. I once had a brother who must 'a' been some like your pa, but that's a long time ago. Well, good-night.'

Bob watched him until he was lost in the shadows, then he slipped down from the fence and went across toward the Perkins' farmhouse.

In the morning he was back again long before Farmer Brownlee was astir. When the old man appeared he was examining the beets and carrots.

'H'm! more weedin' for you,' chuckled the old man, as he approached. 'Well, about your pa. How'd you like to farm it a little for yourselves?'

Bob looked at him wonderingly.

'How can we?' he asked, 'we ain't got no land.'

'I'll fix that. I can't hire you and your pa both, but I've lots of idle land. I can let you have that house an' about forty acres round it for almost nothin', an' you can work the rent out. I'll hire you all the time, or both you an' your pa part of the time, an' you'll be able to get consider'ble work among the neighbors. Spare days you can work your own land. If you're careful, as I b'lieve you will be, you can lay up money. An' as for your pa, there ain't a liquor-shop in nine miles. Does that suit?

Bob did not answer, but the look on his face made the old man's eyes twinkle, then suddenly grow misty.

'U'm!' he said, as he turned away, abruptly, 's'pose we go over and look at the house. Then you can go to the Perkinses an' tell 'em you're goin' to stay with me after this. When it's time for your pa to git back, you can go to the city and bring him down.—Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Epworth Herald.'

For an Up-to-Date Review

Read

'WORLD WIDE,'

Canada's Leading Eclectic.

A weekly reprint of all the best things in the current journals and reviews, reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. Internationally fair at all times. Good selections from the best cartoons of the week.

The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere at the price. Single copies, five cents. Post paid, **to all parts of the world,** for $1.50 a year. Remainder of this year will be included free with ALL NEW subscriptions at full yearly rate.

See Special Year-End Offer to New Subscribers.

'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL.'

That Ten Cent trial rate on Page 16, does not begin to approach the cost to the publishers. They can make this remarkable offer solely for introduction purpose. This is the golden moment for 'Messenger' readers. Don't let it slip.

HOUSEHOLD.

Wait for God.

(The Rev. Edgar C. Mason.)

O soul, so sore oppressed
And fraught with pain;
So burdened and distressed
With struggles vain;
Thy struggling cease, and fix thy hope in God,
And meekly bow beneath the chastening rod,
And wait for God.

Thy soul must needs be still
And patient wait;
God's holy, sovereign will
Shall fix thy fate;
The holy things of God belong to God;
Thy constant part to pray and hope and plod,
And wait for God.

If thou hast wrought and prayed
As if in vain,
Let no rash zeal invade
God's own domain;
Thy part to plant and till the stubborn sod,
And keep the path that patient faith has trod,
And wait for God.

To wait is not of sloth,
But doing well;
For faith and works are both
The powers that tell.
Thine is to be and do thy very best.
And leave with God to be and do the rest—
But wait for God.

What the Boys Should Know.

Don't be satisfied with your boy's education, until you are sure that he can—

Write a good, legible hand.
Spell all the words he knows how to use.
Speak and write good English.
Add a column of figures rapidly.
Make out an ordinary account.
Deduct 16½ per cent. from the face of it.
Receipt it when paid.
Write an ordinary receipt.
Write an advertisement for the local paper.
Write an ordinary promissory note.
Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, for months, or years.
Draw an ordinary bank cheque.
Take it to the proper place in the bank to get the cash.
Make neat and correct entries in day book and ledger.
Tell the number of yards of carpet required for your parlor.
Measure a pile of lumber in your shed.
Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin, and the value at current rates.
Tell something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day.

If he can do all this and more, it is likely he has sufficient education to make his own way in the world. If you have more time and money to spend upon him, well and good—give him higher English, give him literature, give him mathematics, give him science, and if he is anxious about it give him Latin and Greek, or whatever the course he intends pursuing.—'Intelligencer.'

O Wistful Eyes!

Self-control may begin much earlier than most of us realize. Even from a selfish standpoint mothers would be infinite gainers if they would help their children to this grand mastery which may begin with mere physical habit. But we teach them instead to be restless, by continually tossing, trotting, carrying, drumming on the window or piano, shaking toys before their eyes, till they are not satisfied unless in perpetual motion. We make them nervous and restless when we might easily teach them quiet, and the result is disastrous to physical well-being and the growth of character. Activity need not be restlessness, and a child who is never quiet is not the best training for development, and needs steadying for his own sake. To sit quietly and listen to talk or story, to respect the presence of others, to yield one's preference, not to fidget under restraint, these are all things to be learned, habits to be acquired, and have to do with the child's whole life. The habit of observation, the awakening of thought, the development of the reasoning power, all depend upon the self-control which gives the child the grasp of himself. —Emily Huntingdon Miller.

Selected Recipes.

PEACHES FOR WINTER.

The peach is one of our most delicious fruits for winter use, and whether canned, preserved, pickled, spiced or jellied, is an almost universal favorite. The average cook knows little about the different varieties, all being classed under two heads with her, as clingstones and freestones. Some old-fashioned housekeepers still hold to the belief that the clingstone is to be preferred for pickling if for no other purpose; but this is difficult to understand as even when cooked the flesh does not leave the stone readily, and the pleasure in eating is therefore not nearly so great as with the freestone variety. The peaches which ripen the latter part of September are the best for winter use. The large yellow variety, with crimson cheeks and red-hued flesh next to the stone, are the most delicious of all for preserving, canning or eating uncooked.

In pickling or spicing, it is quite unnecessary to pare the fruit. The down should be carefully rubbed off with a fine towel, and if daintily prepared, the uninitiated will rarely discover that the peaches have not been pared in the usual manner. A much handsomer preserve is also obtained if the skins are left on. Deep-hued, firm, luscious fruit should be used for canning and preserving. Broken and imperfect fruit may be made into jelly and marmalade, or may be canned by itself for every-day eating, or used in making fancy desserts. Very ripe fruit may also be used in this way, but it is most unwise to use it in canning or preserving. If the making of marmalade is attended to the same day the canning and preserving are going on, a delicious sweet may be made from fruit which would otherwise be wasted. The following are excellent receipts for winter peaches:

MARMALADE.—Pare the peaches and cut small. Weigh, and allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Moisten the sugar with a cupful of water, stir it until dissolved, let it boil, and skim. Then put in the peaches, and cook very slowly for an hour, or until rich and thick. Place an asbestos mat under the preserving kettle, while the peaches are cooking, and stir frequently.

SPICED.—To every five pounds of fruit allow two of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one ounce each of cinnamon and cloves tied in a piece of muslin. Remove the down from the peaches with a soft cloth, and cook in a syrup made from the vinegar, sugar and spices, until tender but not broken. Put them into jars, boil down the syrup, pour it over the fruit, and seal.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare and halve ripe peaches, and cook until soft in sufficient water to keep from burning. Press through a colander, and to one pound of pulp allow one and a half pounds of granulated sugar and half a cupful of pounded almonds. Boil very slowly for an hour, stirring frequently to prevent scorching.

Self Control.

O wistful eyes! Where did you find your gleam?
In the soft radiance of the April skies?
In the rays wavering in the quiet stream
Where pure and white the water-lily lies?

'Mid wondering musings o'er the tangled scheme
Men make of life? or does the lustrous light.
That underlies their pensive beauty, shine
With the hushed glory of the first love dream,

That gives e'en hope deferred resistless might,
To make of earth a happy Paradise?
God keep the soul within them fresh and fine,
O wistful eyes!

—'All The Year Round.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

'MESSENGER' READERS

Never had such a chance before for a high-class Pictorial paper. They may not have it much longer as this coupon rate is away below cost and only offered for a limited time by the publishers. See Page 16.

Special Year-End Offer to New Subscribers.

	$ cts
'DAILY WITNESS.'	
Remainder of 1906 to NEW SUBSCRIBERS, on trial, for.. ..	.40
r, a club of three for	**1.00**
'WEEKLY WITNESS AND CANADIAN HOMESTEAD.'	
Remainder of 1906 to NEW SUBSCRIBERS on trial for..	.15
or, a club of five for	**.50**
'WORLD WIDE'	
Remainder of 1906 to NEW SUBSCRIBERS on trial for	.25
or, a club of five for	**1.00**
'NORTHERN MESSENGER'	
Remainder of 1906 to NEW SUBSCRIBERS on trial for	.10
or, a club of ten for only	**.50**

(Just the thing for a Sunday-school class.)

John Dougall & Son,
'Witness' Block, Montreal:
Please find enclosed .. .. .. in payment of NEW subscription to the .. .. on trial to Jan. 1, 1907, as per your offer above.

Name.. .. ..

P. O.. .. ..

Prov. .. ..

Date.. .. ..

N.B.—This form can easily be changed for yearly subscription, or for club offer by adding sheet for extra names.

Who Bides His Time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
  Of honey, in the saltest ear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
  Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
  And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
  Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Religious Notes.

In commenting on the report for the Barnado Homes during the year 1905, the 'Christian Herald,' London, calls attention to the great scope of this work. This report is the first issued since Dr. Barnado's death. It gives the large total of 2,412 children rescued during the past year from destitution and suffering. 'The Homes have now in all rescued over 60,000 boys and girls; they are admitting every day about ten others; and they keep open doors not merely in London, but in a large number of provincial towns and cities. Nothing is needed to qualify for admission beyond destitution, and there is no system of voting nor any restriction as to health, birthplace, etc. The Homes have now 137 branches. The endeavor which is being made in favor of a National Memorial Scheme to commemorate the life-work of Dr. Barnardo by clearing the Homes of debt and mortgage has resulted in raising over £60,000; but £250,000 is asked for. The institutions have rapidly risen to national dimensions, and they form one of the most remarkable charities in England.'

The enlightenment of the Dark Continent is the world's present duty. The stories of native risings and outbreaks of the stifled barbarian practices are apt, however, to obscure the facts of the great advance even now made. For this reason a paragraph in the New York 'Observer' is of interest: 'The world does move, even in the heart of dusky, dreary Africa. Seventeen years ago it was a capital crime in Uganda to learn to read and write. Now there are 50,000 natives in that province who have had the advantage of training in the mission schools. In view of such facts—which might be matched or surpassed by greater miracles of grace in other parts of the world—it is strange that any people remain sceptical regarding the value of Christian missions.'

The recent Conference held at Lake Geneva, Wis., under the auspices of the Young People's Missionary Movement, was attended by about two hundred delegates. This gathering of young people represented the leadership of young people's societies of the Middle West. That the opportunity was appreciated of hearing representatives of the various boards, specialists from the Young People's Missionary Movement, missionaries, and leading pastors, was shown in the faithful attendance at all sessions of the Conference, and the careful work with notebooks.

In addition to the early morning 'Quiet Hour,' an early evening hour was devoted to Bible study, and the little groups on the grass, with the glorious light of the setting sun on the waters of the lake as a background, were a beautiful and inspiring sight. Many precious messages from God's Word were brought by the leaders of these classes. Each delegate seemed to be there with a definite purpose. Missionary efforts along all lines were presented, and many foreign mission fields represented by returned missionaries, while stirring addresses were given by the work among laboring classes, and on rescue work in the larger cities.

Prof. Arminius Vambery, C.V.O., of Buda-Pest, has lately written a strong book on 'Western Culture in Eastern Lands,' which, after establishing the good effects of British rule in the East, yet closes with a gloomy foreboding of the rise of Islam there. This is not feared by Professor Vambery alone, and there is great reason for concern in this matter. The Mohammedan educationalists are earnestly pushing among the students the work of missions. The 'Missionary Review of the World' says: 'At the great Mohammedan College, El-Azhar, in Cairo, thousands of students are annually prepared for service as missionaries of Islam. In view of such an output, it is not surprising that Mohammedanism is rapidly gaining upon heathenism in Central Africa. While the messengers of Christ are tardily sent forth by twos and threes, the ground is being rapidly covered by hundreds of the messengers of Mohammed, the result of whose labors is to make the entrance of the Gospel tenfold more difficult.'

For the Busy Mother.

BOY'S BLOUSE, IN RUSSIAN OR SAILOR STYLE.—1032.

This blouse has a Russian closing, and sailor, or turn-down collar, with shield. If sailor style is used a tie gives the finishing touches. The sleeves have a box-plait formed at the shoulder, and extending to the wrist, finished with a cuff. A pocket can be made in the left front if desired. This pattern is in six sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 years. For seven years it requires 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1 7-8 yards 44 inches wide, with 7-8 yard for sailor collar, shield and cuff. The blouse can be developed in plain goods, or in striped material, with collar, shield, cuffs, and plait of plain material.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Fancy Housekeeping.

The decorative side of home-making is the one oftenest entrusted to the daughter of the family. She may dust a room, arrange a vase of flowers, concoct a salad, an ice-cream or a cake, or do some delicate embroidery.

Mother and daughter have an uneasy sense that something ought to be done to fit the girl for her probable duties as wife and mother, and fancy housekeeping is the tribute they pay to the demand of conscience.

Neither the dainties of the cooking-school nor the decorative arts of the housekeeper, however, are the best investment for the scant leisure of the schoolgirl. The cooking of a chop, the supreme achievement of boiling a potato so that it shall be mealy, and the ordering of a morning so that the dinner-getting shall not infringe on the bed-making —these are the labors in which the daughter may well acquire skill. When the demand for it comes, the fancy housekeeping will take care of itself.—Selected.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Mild Home Treatment for Cancer—Time Tried and Successful is the Record of Cancerol.

Anyone who really wants to know if he can be cured can readily determine this by a little investigation. A valuable book, full of interesting information and containing records of unmistakable cures of cancer in most every situation on the body, sent free to those interested. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 88, Indianapolis, Ind.

SONG WRITERS Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Send them to us for the music. Accept no offer before reading Music, Song and Money. It is free. HAYS MUSIC CO., 246 Star Bldg., Chicago.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	5 .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed if desired, for	1.00 ,,
Four Copies, separately addressed if desired, per copy	.30 ,,
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 ,,

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands and Phillipine Islands.

Postage extra to all countries not named in the above list.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

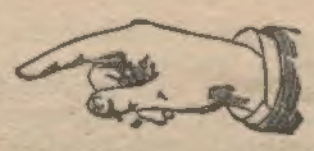
SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Any school that does not take "The Messenger," may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Watch for the First Issue
of the
New Illustrated Monthly.



THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

TRUE TO ITS NAME---IS COMPOSED CHIEFLY OF PICTURES

1. Pictures of the Leading Features of the World's News.
2. Pictures of Eminent Canadians.
3. Pictures of World Famous Men and Women.
4. Pictures of Canadian Scenes.
5. Pictures of Fashions and Patterns.
6. Pictures of Children
7. Pictures of Animals

} SNAP SHOTS

YOU LIKE PICTURES
EVERYBODY DOES.

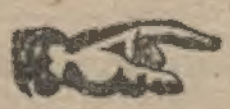
IT IS ESTIMATED THAT EACH ISSUE WILL
COST ABOUT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
and Contain About One Thousand Square Inches of Pictures.

Extra Quality Paper. High Class Printing.

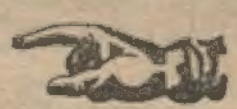
To see it is to want it.
To take it on trial is to continue taking it.
Ten Cents a Copy.
One Dollar a Year.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.

142 ST. PETER STREET, - MONTREAL, CAN.



SPECIAL TO 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS.



With regard to the above announcement the publishers have made arrangements by which our readers can obtain the new paper, **at great sacrifice for introduction purposes,** as follows:

	Regular Rate Per annum
'The Canadian Pictorial'	**$1.00**
'The Northern Messenger'	**.40**
	$1.40

Both for one year for only $ .75

Or for 35c in addition to the price of any combination of our publications 'The Canadian Pictorial' will be included. This rate involves great sacrifice and is only available when remitted by a bona-fide 'Messenger' reader.

For those whose subscriptions do not expire till the end of the year (or for any other 'Messenger' readers), a very Special **trial rate** has been arranged so that **all** may have an opportunity to see the new illustrated publication, which will occupy in Canadian journalism a field of its own, and is undoubtedly destined to spring into prominence among the greater publications of the Dominion.

For this trial rate our readers must use the accompanying coupon, which, with only **Ten Cents**—coin or stamps—will be accepted in full payment of 'The Canadian Pictorial' to the end of the year. Remit at once and secure the first issue—ready almost immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial'.

TEN CENT TRIAL OFFER.

Coupon Department N. M.

For use of 'Messenger' readers only.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find Ten Cents, for which send the new Illustrated Monthly, 'The Canadian Pictorial,' to the end of 1906.

Name.....

P. O .....

Prov.....

Date .....

N.B.—These special club and trial offers ARE NOT AVAILABLE for Montreal and Suburbs, but are good for almost all other parts of the English speaking world. See Postal regulations on Page 11.